2 April 1976 20p USA & Canada 80 Cents By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Number 10–The Last Lap

James Fenton: Why Foot Got Stuck

John P. Mackintosh: Behind the Personalities

From Brownie Pack to IBA: Profile of Lady Plowden

Christopher Hill: England's Catholic Community

John Mortimer on the Gay World

Alethea Hayter Arthur Hopcraft Eric Partridge

Ambassador College
MAY 24 1976
LIBRARY

Hammer or Anvil?

At a time when all attention is being concentrated on a pair of personalities whose teeth and fetlocks are feverishly and minutely examined in prime space and on prime time, the outlines of our next wave of economic crisis are becoming more discernible. Next week's Budget, which will round off a whole year of careful strategy, is already beginning to look like a short-term holding operation. And as it takes on that appearance so does the strategy itself. Admittedly, Mr Healey can claim credit for ending the Callaghan-Jenkins-Barber continuum of Chancellors who attempted ordinary demand management and persistently overestimated consumption, but in doing so he has only postponed certain crucial decisions which will have to be faced next Tuesday.

In essence, he has left himself no alternative but a direct attack on the price level. The money supply is coming under control, full employment has been abandoned as an objective (and Keynesian policy has thereby been rendered unnecessary and pointless), public expenditure has been cut. But price inflation still persists. Mr Healey has therefore to ask one final sacrifice from the trade unions, which is that they surrender their traditional power and opt for centrally determined wage bargaining. His much-anticipated wizardry with tax levels is entirely structured around this bargain, which takes Foot/Jones to its logical conclusion of Healey/Murray and makes the trade unions represent governments to their members instead of their members to the Government. In return for crushing wage drift and 'excessive' claims, the unions will be rewarded with the ability to buy their jobs and recoup more from taxes and other thresholds. Having survived every attempt at legislation since the Donovan Report, and having seen off two Administrations which tried to curb its power, the trade union movement has turned from hammer into anvil.

This new relationship, which makes utter nonsense of the Tory view that Labour is in hock to the TUC, is nonetheless a very fragile one. Already the indications are that May will bring bad news on the prices front, and that the patience of the trade unions is wearing thin. But that is not the real criticism of the policy. It has, essentially, always been a brilliant *political* operation, designed to keep various interests and pressures in play and, ultimately, in check. But it is not a programme for the refurbishing of the British economy. Debt repayments, trade union grievances, flights from sterling, all these can be ridden out as they occur – and in some cases put off. Yet only this week there were authoritative warnings of mass unemployment by 1980, with a 35-per-cent devaluation of the pound and double-digit inflation, whether the present policy succeeded or not.

The warning deserves to be taken seriously, because it comes from the same Cambridge source that saw through Mr Barber, forecast the last recession and predicted the cuts in public expenditure. They show that the present 'recovery' in British economic activity is in fact a poisoned chalice. The more that it is taken advantage of, the more Britain becomes vulnerable from imports, saddled with a huge trade gap, exposed to further pressure on the pound and dependent on the foreign banks. Apart from unemployed workers, we will then have almost no spare capacity with which to take up the next boom, and so the stripping away of British industry from the world market will continue even more rapidly than before. Seen in this light, the Chancellor's present strategy is the apotheosis of drift, staked on a notional boom. And where are the planning agreements, the directed finance, the investment drives, the creation of capacity about which we used to hear so much? It begins to look as if we will face the choice between import controls and massive devaluation, both of them risking foreign retaliation, but only when it is too late.

For Labour's choice, this background indicates the need of a fresh approach. Neither candidate is personally expert or well-equipped in these matters, but MPs would do well to pick the one who shows the least resistance to the idea of change. A firm commitment to the present course is in fact a dogged resolution to steer the economy on to the shoals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Why Foot Got Stuck

These have been exciting times for Mrs Thatcher. First there were those heady few minutes after Mr Wilson announced his retirement, when the Tory leader was under the impression that there was about to be a general election. Then there came a period when she could be seen in the corridors, hanging eagerly on the lips of such unlikely figures as Lord Pannell, eager for news. 'She was behaving like a little girl,' remarked one Labour MP. 'It made me realise how much younger she is than any of our lot.' Finally, on Tuesday afternoon this week, one of her minions found a copy of the second ballot results lying on a duplicating machine in the basement of the Palace of Westminster, and Mrs Thatcher had the satisfaction of being able to tell Mr Bryan Magee all the figures, shortly before they were announced to the Parliamentary Labour Party.

Here, however, Tory satisfaction must come to an end. For if, as seems fairly certain, Mr James Callaghan wins next week, the Tories will be facing the Premier they least fancy. That, at any rate is what th y say. And that is what Mr Callaghan's supporters have been rubbing in, ever since the election began. There is nobody to match him in terms of experience of office. (How many other men have held all three major ministries?) He is confident and relaxed at the dispatch box – an ideal match for the abrasive, thrusting Thatcher. He is popular with the electorate and he is good on TV. What more do you want?

Well, a great many people did, and still do, want more than that. A select few wanted the Future of Socialism. A less select few were gunning for the biggest eyebrows in the EEC. There was the participation candidate, and the author of *What Matters Now*. Each has had his say, and his day, and each has hit his ceiling. Mr Denis Healey is a tall man, with a low ceiling. He has bumped his head badly. Mr Michael Foot is a shorter man, with a high ceiling. He will bump his head next week. Mr Callaghan appears to have avoided the ceiling altogether, and is already hauling himself through the skylight.

Why can't Mr Foot win? First of all, it is worth asking whether he really did enter the contest in order to do so. Although Mr Foot's supporters swear blind that they are serious about Michael, and that he is serious about wanting office, I can't help feeling that at the outset of the struggle, when the Left was planning its campaign, people were thinking much more in terms of putting on a very good show than actually winning. Michael must stand, they said, in order to demonstrate the strength of the Left. On the evening after Mr Wilson resigned, Mr Foot was at the National Theatre, talking in a somewhat off-hand way about his real chances. I'm told that he was urged by the editor of *Tribune*, a man whose name escapes me, to keep his mouth shut. Since that time, Mr Foot has tried hard to look more serious, but I doubt if this has really come across.

The results of the first ballot could hardly have been better for the Left. Shortly before they were announced I was talking to a Benn supporter who was outlining an ideal scenario: Benn beats Healey, and withdraws; this provokes an infernal row on the Right, and the Left profits accordingly. The only thing wrong, as it turns out, was that Mr Roy Jenkins was deserted by his supporters. He had about 30 loyalists at his campaign meeting, and they managed to enlist less than one man apiece. Bitterly disappointed, and surprised at their miscalculation of the votes, the Jenkins men advised their hero to step down. There is no evidence of any horse-trading. Their campaign had merely ground to a halt. But so, in effect, had that of the Left. The fact that Mr Healey stayed in the race may have annoyed some people, but it was not seen as particularly divisive, merely a bit of a bloody nuisance (although totally in character).

Mr Healey has said that he is disappointed, and so he should be, with the result of the second ballot. Even if he is heir apparent, he knows that the estate, if it passes on to him, will be heavily encumbered with debt. Mr Wynne Godley's theme song, 'There are bad times just around the corner', is on everyone's lips. Mr Healey has been snubbed by Destiny, ever since that dramatic cabinet meeting at the end of which, fuming with rage, Mr Healey approached Mr Harold Lever and said: 'So how long have *you* known that Harold was going to resign?' Mr Lever looked up at the beetling brows and thought for a moment. 'Ever since last week,' he said, 'when the Queen told me over a game of bridge.'

For Mr Foot too the second ballot shed something of a cold, realistic dawn. Although the Foot men were publicly confident, they were hardly convincing in their appraisal of the situation. Mr John Silkin produced a magic figure of 26 Healeyites who, while they were not absolutely pledged to support Foot, were nevertheless on the road to conversion. This figure is totally at odds with the calculations of Mr Healey's own managers, and indeed one of Foot's leading supporters was privately appalled at the way Mr Silkin was talking. It was unrealistic and bad campaigning tactics. It is generally thought that there has already been some desertion from the Foot camp. This can only get worse in the present week, as the faint hearts begin to flutter.

There are three pieces of propaganda which have particularly annoyed the supporters of Foot. The first is that dear old Michael, in the interests of resolving the issue, would withdraw from the contest. I do not think this was ever really believed by those who put it around, since Mr Foot's supporters would be appalled if everything possible was not done to stop the most right-wing candidate from getting home. It may be that Mr Edward Short will be forced to retire, but all that will be decided at the end of the contest. Before that the Left are intent on establishing a strong bargaining position.

Secondly, it was said that those in marginal seats would be looking to the man who could win the next election. On this matter, Mr Frank Judd (a well-known marginal) has been doing his researches and he has come up with another magic statistic: 13 out of 16 of the marginals are in favour of Mr Foot, he says. Doesn't this prove that Michael is considered a vote-winner? I put this argument to one cabinet minister, who was unimpressed. All it proved, he said, is that in the Labour Party it is the loony Left who get given the marginal seats to fight, whereas right-wing fascist beasts like himself are awarded lovely safe ones. But that does not affect the broader argument – that Michael Foot as leader would lose the next election. And that is a matter of concern for more than 13 men.

The third argument against Mr Foot – and perhaps the most annoying one for his supporters – is that his election would knock a considerable amount off the value of the pound. The trouble with this one is – it may well be true. Everything that happens nowadays seems to send the pound reeling. The resignation of Mr Wilson didn't exactly *help* the pound, yet I have not found anyone who thinks that it was irresponsible of the old boy to step down. It must, furthermore, be slightly galling for the Left to have to counter this argument from the Callaghan camp, when they recall that Mr Callaghan's own relationship with the pound has not been exactly a happy one. But there it is.

I'm a Foot man myself, and I notice with despair that the Left has hitherto eschewed black propaganda. I should therefore like to say that I have it on the best authority that, when Mr Callaghan is elected, his first act of austerity will be to abolish the allowance for MPs' secretaries. Put that story around, Mr Silkin, and you might just get a landslide. Otherwise, I'm afraid it's too late.

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 91 No 2350
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates
UK £10.40: Overseas surface mail £11.50 ($27.60)
By airmail:
Europe, Israel (Air Express) and North America £14.50 ($34.80)
Rest of the world £16.00
Rates for three or six months are pro rata. Reduced rate subscriptions are offered to students at universities, colleges or schools anywhere in the world.
For further details, please write to our Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John P. Mackintosh

Behind the Personalities

The leadership election in the Parliamentary Labour Party has gone round and round the personality points but at the back of MPs' minds is the question: what will the party look like in four or five years' time if A rather than B is chosen? After all, only a week before the contest opened the Government was defeated by the unprecedented defection of 37 members on a key element in its economic strategy.

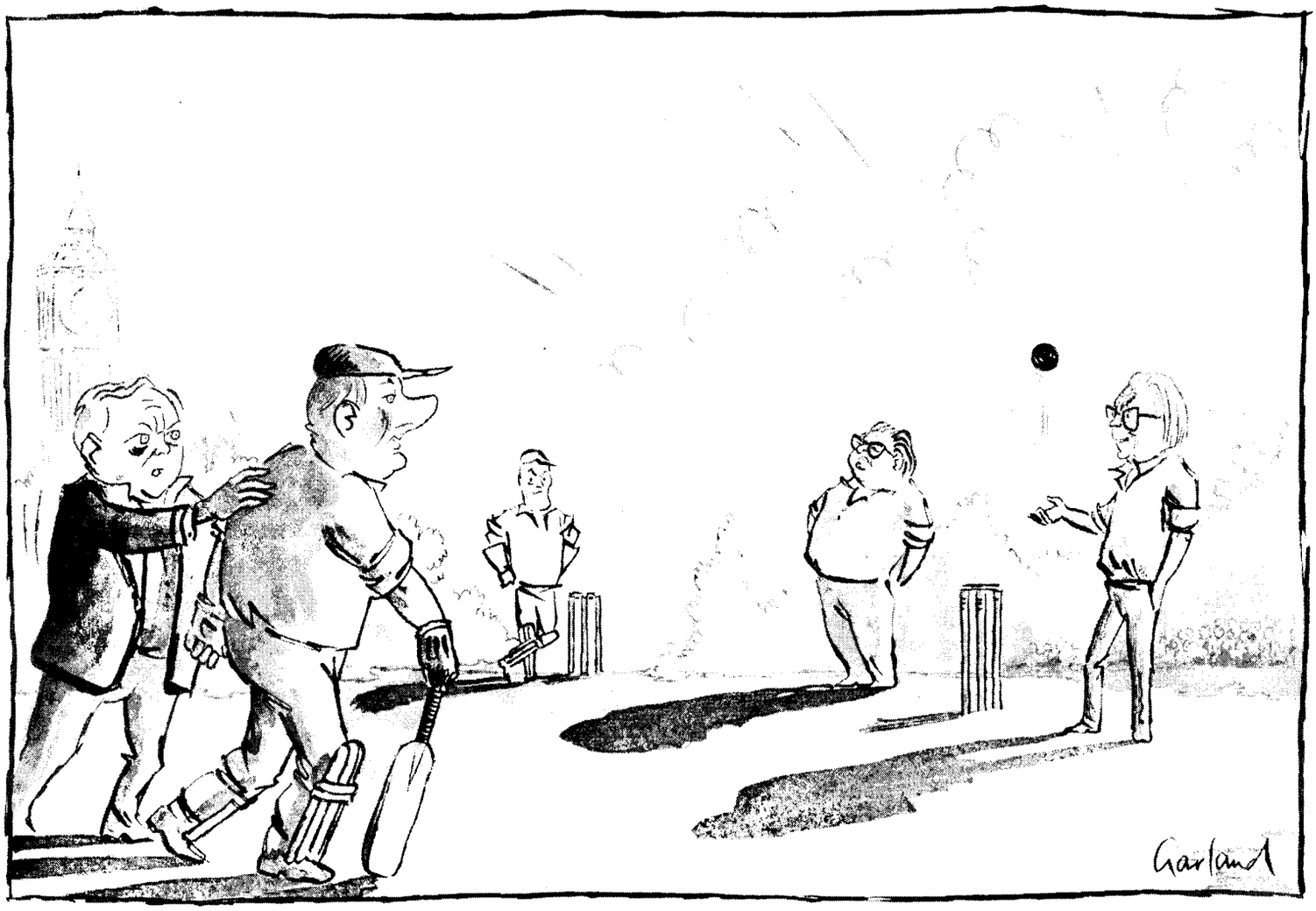
That episode pointed to a problem which, however concealed by the leadership contest, is a crucial one for the Labour movement. The crunch has come because of the signs that the mixed economy in Britain is in grave difficulties. The reformers or social democrats have had to face the question: how far do the political freedoms they regard as essential depend on economic freedom or choice, and does this not require a mixed economy with a successful private sector? If the answers are in the affirmative, then a Labour government in the present position has to work not to redistribute the products of a vigorous mixed economy but to bolster up both the public and the private sections of the mixed economy.

For those wanting a state-owned and controlled economy, this is the great opportunity finally to end a significant private sector and their objective can be achieved simply by taking over ailing corporations, ensuring that most new investment is in the public sector and by making it clear that the least advantageous way of making a living is to try to run a private business.

All the indications up to Mr Wilson's resignation were that his Government was coming down firmly on the reformist side. The Chequers strategy of last November was an elaborate way of saying that profits were too low, that the private sector must be built up and that the Government would do what it could to help. The public expenditure White Paper added that the public sector could not be allowed to grow while the country stagnated, as otherwise it would come to dominate the economy. The standard of living of consumers could not be allowed to rise at the expense of resources needed for investment.

It was fury over this clear adoption of the reformist position that led the hard-core Left to stage their revolt in the public expenditure debate. What effect will the leadership contest have on this division? Only Mr Benn clearly took up the full socialist strategy advocating import controls, reflation within a siege economy and investment through a National Enterprise Board originally designed to push forward the frontiers of the whole public sector. Mr Crosland, Mr Jenkins, Mr Healey and Mr Callaghan were clearly and wholeheartedly identified with the reformist strategy.

But the fascinating question mark still hangs over Mr Foot. If he were to become leader, would he rearrange the cabinet in such a fashion as to tilt the balance in favour of the Left's strategy? Or would he continue as before and become, in effect, the chief salesman used by those who understood and set up the present policy to put it across the Left and the unions? The one possibility that still seems unlikely is that he would continue Mr Wil-



There's a breathless hush in the close tonight –
Ten to make and the match to win –
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in . . .
– Sir Henry Newbolt, *Vitae Lampada*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son's practice (abandoned so characteristically in the week before he resigned) of pursuing reformist policies in left-wing language, hoping that this would keep everyone happy. Mr Foot usually says what he means.

So what line would a Labour government under Michael Foot take? There is evidently disagreement on this: Mr Heffer and Mrs Hart, both of whom resigned from the Government in part because it had turned to a reformist strategy, clearly expect a Foot government to go their way. But this view was certainly not shared by all the 90 who voted for him on the first round and by most of those who added their votes in the second round.

What kind of socialist is Mr Foot? His views were formed before the stark choice presented by the relative failure of the British economy forced those on the Left to take sides. He is certainly not one of the hard-core Marxists of the kind that came into the Parliamentary Left in such numbers in the two intakes of 1974. Basically Mr Foot is a Whig, a cautious, almost conservative, reformist with a passionate desire for justice and a romantic identification with the Labour movement which has, in recent years, led him to substitute support for whatever the larger unions want for an independent ideological position. When he was a member of Mr Wilson's cabinet, it was evident that he would not take up the Left's critique of the Government so long as the larger unions supported the Wilson/Healey policies. If the unions had broken with the Government, Mr Foot would probably have resigned and the position of the Left in Parliament would have been transformed.

What then would Mr Foot be likely to do if he became Prime Minister? What would he do if the TUC repudiated his government's economic policy? He probably believes that he could always, in the last resort, win them over to any necessary and fair policy. It must have been in the minds of some MPs who voted for him this week that if anyone could keep the unions on a reasonable course (and thus emasculate the Left) it was Mr Foot. Not only would there be this considerable advantage of making him the figurehead of the Government, but there would be great gains also if the Labour Party loses the next election and goes into Opposition. If Michael Foot is eventually beaten in the present contest, and then a Labour government led by Mr Callaghan disappoints its supporters and loses the next general election, the Left will be able to say that with their man and their policies, this need never have happened. Such a scenario is perfect for a victory by the Left (then under Mr Benn's flag). But if it is a government led by Mr Foot that loses the next general election, then the Left have no such easy path to a takeover of the party.

While most of this might be accepted, at least in its factual forecasts, by a number of MPs supporting both candidates, it is harder to suggest what will be the outcome of the conflict posited at the start of this article if Mr Callaghan wins. He is a superb party manager and though a man of the Right and basically much more conservative than Roy Jenkins, his connections with the trade unions and his easy, understanding manner make him much more acceptable. Also, he will have Mr Foot as the most prominent member of his cabinet to help him sell his policies to the unions.

The only different position, or danger, would come if a breach did open up between the Government and the TUC. Mr Foot would presumably find it easier to go into Opposition if he were simply a prominent member of the cabinet instead of Prime Minister.

Finally there is the judgment about Mr Callaghan's own nerve and competence in what is bound to be a very difficult situation. The next two years before the general election will see the Labour Government, whoever leads it, under tremendous pressure. Mr Callaghan is superbly qualified to deal with these forces, though perhaps his capacity to analyse the economic dangers and to devise policies is, if not suspect, at least a little too dependent on orthodox Treasury advice. How a Labour government responds to the need to hold back consumption and to build up the private sector is very difficult to set out. Perhaps only a Labour Government can pursue such a policy, but it may be that the pressures involved will force the party into bitter warfare or even a split down the seam which divides the mixed economy men from those wanting a totally socialised society.

Is such a split desirable or should it be prevented? And if it is best to hold the party together, is this more likely to be achieved by leadership from someone as identified with the Left as Michael Foot, or by a skilled, resourceful man of the Right, James Callaghan? The party's interests suggest a vote for Michael Foot; the national interest a vote for James Callaghan.

David Leitch

The Judgment of Paris

For those of us with loved ones beleaguered in that fog-bound anarchic island on the wrong side of La Manche reading the papers has become a daily ordeal. The Duke of Edinburgh is going blind, Princess Margaret is either committing suicide or joining a hippie commune, and the Queen spends long hours pondering the funereal death-bed prediction of Princess Louise of Battenberg. She issued, it appears, a Cassandra-like warning of a future where the Queen no longer reigned, yet Prince Charles was not King.

It is not surprising that Harold Wilson decided to quit. No French special correspondent in London is safe from drunken Irish bombers and the future of the car industry has now been decided, thanks to a series of strikes caused by cats urinating on the British-Leyland production line. Future prospects are unpleasing. Jim Callaghan's only qualification for leading the country is that he was too dumb (and poverty-stricken) to enter 'the charmed Oxford College'. Michael Foot, 'the left-wing romantic,' is so much a Little Englander that when employed here as a humble journalist in 1958 he was declared *persona non grata* for insulting President Coty, citing Lady Macbeth's tiny hand under the mistaken impression that the President was a member of the perfume family.

Foot bears so bitter a grudge against France that he has hatched a Machiavellian scheme for wrecking the European Commission. Instead of appointing Christopher Soames as Commission President, thus boosting a figure so Francophile that his wife still wears a brooch given her by General de Gaulle, Foot will ensure the installation of Garret FitzGerald, the Irish Foreign Minister, a Trojan horse from Dublin.

And so it goes. The Americans, in isolationist vein, may regard Harold Wilson as intrinsically less newsworthy than Dustin Hoffman, let alone Ronald Reagan, but it is very different in Paris. It has mainly been a question of timing. The concatenation of events since 15 March, when President Giscard was obliged to devalue both the franc and his own policies, has conspired to induce a kind of collective paranoia among even the normally most sober commentators here. Events in London have been regarded as a personal affront.

The latest round of Concorde talks, of which more later, may well have taken some of the heat out of this silly season in Anglo-French relations. It is instructive to examine how it came about. On 5 March, for instance, Sir Nicholas Henderson, British Ambassador in Paris, was pointing out in a telegram on media reactions 'an increasing readiness to accept that the Government's policies are bearing fruit'. The Chancellor's courage in resisting import controls had been widely praised.

Only a week later the clouds were gathering. By 10 March the Embassy noted, 'a strong tendency to regard the fall of sterling as having been deliberately engineered and to criticise the British Government . . . especially in the light of the consequences for the franc'. The next day the French financial press was collectively

NEW STATESMAN

The cover price of the NS will be increased to 25p from next week's issue (9 April). There will also be increases in our various subscription rates.

It is more than a year since we were last forced to increase our cover price and in that time costs generally have risen by 23 per cent. We have held back next week's increase for some time but economic pressures now leave us no choice.

Next week's expanded issue will include the Editor's report on our recent Readers' Questionnaire together with a profile of the new Prime Minister and an assessment of next Tuesday's Budget.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baying for Anglo-Saxon blood. *Les Echos* even managed to encapsulate sentiment about the wobbly franc in a headline: 'BY LETTING ITS MONEY SINK STILL FURTHER . . . THE WILSON GOVT HOPES TO EXPORT ITS UNEMPLOYMENT.' Over the next weekend the franc had been forcibly devalued; President Giscard was planning a crisis TV broadcast and the Wilson resignation came almost as a Godsend.

At least there was someone to blame. Almost all the reactions stressed that Wilson's exit was an example of 'Filer à l'anglais', which might be chauvinistically translated as 'taking French leave'. He was a chauffeur who had got out of the car, or a guard who had left the train. As might be expected, those analysts, like Alain Vernay in *Figaro*, who had most injudiciously proclaimed in 'birthday' articles the previous week that Wilson had no rivals and was set for another decade, were now particularly irked. They generally decided that the major explanation was the Bank of England's grim three-monthly bulletin of 11 March. It was, in fact, almost the only explanation to hand. They all suspected there *must* be some sinister motivation. It was hard to believe Wilson was standing down through motives of statesmanlike disinterest.

At least the domestic problems of Princess Margaret offered a *post hoc, propter hoc* line of attack. TV commentators were quick to seize on this, and despite heroic efforts from the British Embassy to explain, even on the TV itself, that Lord Snowdon, and even Norman Scott, were in no way connected with the future Labour Party leadership. Such divergent strands were woven triumphantly into a design entitled 'Anglo-Saxon *malaise*'.

Last Monday's inter-ministerial Concorde talks have been a turning-point. They were billed in the French press as a kind of rerun of Waterloo. 'Concorde: Disaccord London-Paris' proclaimed *France-Soir* in its page one 'splash'. Its version, like so many others, insisted that the French were anxious to stick to the 1973 agreement, and build three more aircraft. Only the crisis-ridden English, exporting unemployment again, were ready to renege.

The talks ran late and gathered a crowd of union lobbyists outside the French Construction Ministry. They included a three-man delegation sent, after a £150 whip-round, from Filton. Thanks to some swift foot-work by the British Embassy the three were passed through the police cordon and given a chance to talk to Gerald Kaufman and Stanley Clinton Davis. The French unionists, left kicking their heels by the Seine, received no such courtesies.

Their suspicions that the French Government was at least as reluctant to build any more aircraft as the British were in the event fully justified. Marcel Cavaille, the French Secretary for Transport, did not even raise the question. The talks ran overtime, it turned out, because of a long lunch on a *bateau mouche*, not because of unseemly strife. It was clear when Mr Kaufman emerged, shod not in bovver boots but Gucci's finest mocassins, that a 'breathing-space' compromise had been reached without undue stress. Not before time.

Paris.

Tom Baistow

The Press and Michael Foot

A bad press is nothing new for Michael Foot: long pictured by fellow journalists as a wild – if, thank God, harmless – man of the Left, he succeeded Tony Benn last year as Fleet Street's favourite Red bogey man when he refused to doctor his Trade Union and Labour Relations (Amendment) Bill to guarantee newspaper proprietors and their editors *their* freedom of the press and moved *The Times* to ask, in one of Mr William Rees-Mogg's nastier and sillier leaders, if he was really a fascist. But even that snide and unashamedly self-interested sniping was innocuous compared with the campaign of character assassination at the dismaying prospect of a socialist in No 10.

It has been the full treatment, from the dismissively contemptuous to the near-libellous smear. Predictably, the *Telegraph* and the *Express*, those guardians of all that is Right for Britain, have gone in for the loud-mouthed slanging they invariably assert is the monopoly of the Left. 'What kind of a party, confronted with a ballot for the nation's next prime minister,' demanded the *Telegraph*, 'would give its single largest total of 90 votes to a windy, word-spinning poseur whose arguments in Opposition have been soundly refuted by the effects of putting them in practice in government?'

The *Express* bewailed the fact that even if Foot was only runner-up this 'will make many people abroad think that a sentimental left-wing old codger is the Labour Party's choice as the second-best man to lead the country'. (*Old Codger*? Dangerous words – Sir Max Aitken, the *Express* proprietor, is three years older than Foot, who is the same age as his friend Beaverbrook was when *he* first entered office.) Not to be outdone, the editor of the *Sunday Express*, John Junor, in his 'J. J.' column, concluded that bad as Callaghan would be, 'things could be worse. We could have Jack Jones's white-haired poodle. If Mr Foot moves into No 10 there will be, for anyone who believes in the freedom of the press, only one sensible question left to ask: When does the next boat leave for Venezuela?' One can only hope that Mr Junor is a man of his word.

Mr Rees-Mogg, chastened no doubt by the stunned reaction to his zanier recent pronouncements, resorted to the more traditional *Times* method of putting down upstarts more in sorrow than in anger. Foot, he explained, had never 'learnt the lessons that only experience of the Treasury can fully bring home to political leaders' (e.g. Eden, Home, Heath and Thatcher, to name but a few). But – and we are back again in Mogg-land – 'Conservatives fear him and because they fear him they dislike him'. Clearly we can't have any of this bolshie nonsense of the Labour Party choosing a leader who isn't acceptable to the Tories in general and Mr Rees-Mogg in particular.

As befits a paper that views the world from the top of the fence the *Guardian* saw the 'real choice . . . between Mr Callaghan and Mr Healey'. Although his 'style and approach owe rather more to romance than reality', Foot was the candidate they had to stop, declared the leader; although its columnist Peter Jenkins, having savaged him the week before, decided Foot was no longer 'a serious suggestion'. By Monday the paper was convinced that Foot was in fact a very serious suggestion. 'A Foot triumph need be no cause of pity or terror,' it conceded, but he has had no experience to speak of and 'such a drive Left would immediately shed most of the cabinet's proven talents'. Only Callaghan could prevent that unthinkable brain drain.

Among the populars the oddest phenomenon was the deafening silence in normally strident Holborn Circus. Keeping their powder dry and their options open, those keen Labour supporters the three *Mirror* group papers concentrated on the facts of life. 'Leave it to Margaret and Tony' urged a *Daily Mirror* leader and proceeded not to. In its one leader on the leadership struggle, 'Six of the Best', on 4 March, it concluded piously that 'with the talent now available the system will produce somebody who will rank with . . . Attlee, Gaitskell and Wilson'. But not Foot, one gathered – 'he seems a general election loser'.

The *Mail*, more used to the straight-True Blues *v* Dirty Reds political scene, appeared confused by Labour's diversity of choice. One day a bold feature 'Callaghan, the odds-on favourite to ruin the country', the next a hopeful splash by its political editor, Anthony Shrimsley, 'Jim Can Make It Next Time'. Of one thing Mr Shrimsley was sure: 'Mr Foot will not be prime minister.' He was 'the man most likely to split the Labour Party, panic the country and Britain's foreign creditors, send the pound down to one and a half dollars and the voters flying into the arms of Mrs Margaret Thatcher'. Strange – I could have sworn that the latter is the only result that could possibly please Mr Vere Harmsworth's *Mail*.

With a commendable attack of impartiality, the *Sun* gave space to the views of contrasting candidates such as Tony Benn and Anthony Crosland (Mr Crosland's 'What I Want for Britain!' even shared front-page billing with 'My wife will never let me make love to her in the morning'). But its main preoccupation was to 'stop Foot' and for that vital task, it eventually decreed, 'Roy's Still the Boy!'. When not even Mr Jenkins himself believed that one, the *Sun* switched despondently to Jim and back to its normal *Beano* imagery: '. . . a triumph for Mr Callaghan . . . must be a better result for Britain than any hop-along government on one Foot could offer.'

The Sunday heavies – a term that has more to do with avoirdupois than intellectual content – ran the gamut from per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal sneer to apocalyptic prediction. In the *Sunday Telegraph* J. W. M. Thompson intoned: 'I am all for my fellow scribblers, book reviewers and so forth bettering themselves . . . but I find my imagination barely adequate to the task of visualising [Foot] in Downing Street.' While the *Sunday Times* comforted itself that Callaghan was 'now set for No 10', its Ronald Butt got out his rather cracked tocsin: 'The ascendancy of Mr Foot seems liable, whoever is in the chair, to bring a new form of corporatist-socialism with the exclusive union-Labour nexus calling the tune . . . We may indeed find that social democracy is dying.' Only the *Observer*, which has led its rivals in both the quality and perceptiveness of its coverage, gave Foot a fair deal in a balanced sketch-profile that admitted 'Foot's has been an astonishing evolution in political standing, almost in personality'. Heartening, if ironical, from a paper owned by David Astor, the man who initiated the campaign for a 'free press' guarantee clause in Foot's Bill. Perhaps, now that that bogey has been laid, he will try to convince his fellow proprietors that what Britain really needs is a fair press.

Corinna Adam

The Prospect from Tower Bridge

'This is not a site in green fields,' says the White Paper on the redevelopment of London Docklands – somewhat superfluously, one might think. Yet this flat statement epitomises the Docklands problem; and also implies a lot about the dilemmas facing all our decaying inner cities.

It was the very fact of building, often literally, on green fields which made the whole New Town strategy originally so attractive to governments and planners. Here, in the East End, you do not immediately see the size of the problem. There are tatty, crumbling factories everywhere – some in, some out of, use; there are miles of deserted wharves and sinister looming warehouses; eight-foot-high fences conceal acres of rubble and every imaginable kind of refuse. As for the Thames itself, you can stand for a quarter of an hour on the south bank, in Rotherhithe, and see nothing pass along the river but a couple of barges and a pleasure boat, whose guide, once he has described the Tower, Traitors' Gate and so forth, is reduced to several minutes' rambling round the myths (some of them fairly recent, one feels) about 'Judge Jeffreys' favourite haunt, The Prospect of Whitby'. There is, after all, nothing much else to talk about until you reach the Isle of Dogs, and everyone can turn thankfully rightwards towards the splendours of Greenwich Palace.

In an effort to create excitement over plans to regenerate, indeed transform, Docklands, it has been described ad nauseam as the greatest reconstruction of London since the Fire. That is for the old-fashioned romantics in the audience. Those who like their chauvinism tickled in more up-to-date ways are informed that it is (which is true) the biggest urban development site in Europe: seven miles long as the crow flies, and containing, on both sides of the river, eight and a half square miles of potential development land.

Docklands had a perfect right to stake its claim as the true heart of London, without which the City itself could never have existed. Now, for a variety of reasons, it can stake a claim to be as miserably rundown as anywhere in Newcastle, or even Glasgow. One major difficulty is getting people to believe this. Outsiders will not credit it because they do not want to. They see the East End they want to see: the stall selling hot sarsaparilla in Brick Lane market; the little shop that provides fresh beigels all the night through; the picturesque (if dangerous) spires of the Wren or sub-Wren churches; the singing pub where the landlord joshes them in a cheerful Cockney way.

More down-to-earth outsiders find the immensity of Docklands' problems hard to accept for reasons which seem more scientific, particularly the general statistics for the South East (usually the only figures known by politicians with no particular interest in the matter). These statistics, *overall*, present a sunny picture, given the general climate. The unemployment rate at the moment, for example, is hovering around 3½ per cent. But in Tower Hamlets, one of the five boroughs involved in the Docklands scheme, the latest figure is 13 per cent. The East End looks rather different to the 55,000 people who actually live in the area designated as Docklands – devoted as they tend to be to it, which must never be forgotten. Which leads to the first of the three major questions which require to be answered. Is it worth saving Docklands? Secondly, if it is, is the official draft strategy prepared by the Docks Development Team, to be published next Monday, the right way to go about it? And thirdly, is the strategy feasible?

The chief reason for the decay of Docklands is, naturally, the closure of the London Docks. (Since 1967 the docks labour force has halved, from 23,000 to 11,000: this does not include redundancies and collapses in dock-related industries and service jobs.) There are other reasons why industry has moved out of Docklands, but they come later. We start with the Port of London Authority, overwhelmingly the main landowner in the area, and which took the decision to move London's main industry down river to Tilbury.

In fact the decision was more or less taken for them by the well-known consultants McKinsey and Co., who told the PLA in 1967 that the future lay in containerisation, and that the PLA's inner London docks were not equipped to take container ships – simply not large enough. To compress history: the PLA believed McKinsey and began to invest what now amounts to over £30m in Tilbury; lorries began to tear up the countryside and congest traffic; road-widening schemes were mooted; more motorways debouching in Central London – and, one should note, all at the expense, social as well as financial, of people in the South East, as well as the near-ruinous effect on Docklands itself (a place the size of Harlow or the expanded Peterborough). London Docks were closed in 1968, swiftly followed by St Katharine's Docks, hard by the Tower; the Surrey Docks across the river shut in 1970, the East India Docks in 1971; the West India Docks are due to close at the end of this year with the loss of 2,-3,000 jobs either in the docks or linked to them. By 1977 only the Royal Docks, furthest east, will be operative – and those not at full strength.

All this has happened with terrifying speed (though not so fast as to prevent some canny shipping firms setting up their own container companies in the late Sixties and early Seventies). By the early Seventies the pattern was only too clear: and in stepped the then Conservative Secretary of State for the Environment, Mr Peter Walker, to commission what is known as the 'Travers Morgan' study. 'Unrealistic' is the most printable term used by the borough officials who considered it and turned it down. Their reasons were not all simon-pure – why should they be? Fundamentally, they were refusing to let power over large chunks of their territory fall into the lap of a Development Corporation which would in fact be a version of a New Town Development Corporation. Except for two things: Docklands is not a green field site or indeed expandable, except of course where the docks are filled in. Nor was there any guarantee, or even much hope, of government subsidy on a new-town scale.

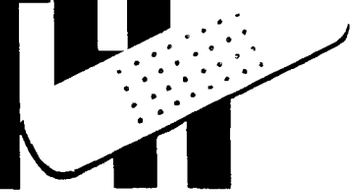
But of course there were still people (Question One) who thought Docklands were indubitably worth saving, and who replaced Mr Walker's study by another structure – the Docklands Joint Committee, consisting of members of the five borough councils, members of the GLC and various government-appointed figures from the list of the Great and the Good. They, in turn, appointed the Docklands Development Team, which reports on Monday, places its plan before the GLC the following week, and hopes to have collated all the local feed-back by midsummer.

Now these are not sentimental men. The 'is it worth it?' question has another side – what happens if you don't? Always, hovering over every planner's drawing-board and every councillor's file, is the Ghost of London Yet to Come – inner London on the American style, mile upon mile of poverty, crime and despair.

The Team has decided, and probably no one would disagree with them in principle, that the greatest barrier to increased prosperity in East London – and a nicer life all round, come to that – is its isolation. To say it is seven miles long 'as the crow flies' was probably the most inappropriate metaphor I could have thought of. The very shape of the river – particularly at the great loop round the Isle of Dogs opposite

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIVATE MEDICINE IS CONCERNED ABOUT THE NATIONAL HEALTH



Private medicine is part of the national health. A vital part.

It contributes a good deal to the National Health Service. For example, pay beds in NHS hospitals will give £40 million annually to the financially-stretched National Health Service.

But it's not just a matter of money

Private medicine preserves everyone's right to freedom of choice. Some 4 million people choose to go privately when they need treatment. The vast majority are ordinary men and women and their families. They budget for health protection from their earnings through organisations such as BUPA.

What's more, over 8 people out of every 10 (82%) believe in the right to pay for private medicine.

What's the Government up to?

If it doesn't make financial sense and the vast majority don't want it, why are the Government proposing legislation to phase out pay beds and control private medicine? And why do they want to introduce it in advance of the findings of the Royal Commission on Health?

Patients before Politics

A doctor's loyalty is to his patients. That's why the Medical Profession has always shown itself to be completely opposed to any political suggestion that the patient's freedom of choice should be tampered with. Such suggestions are rife today. The issue at stake is not just one of professional freedom but also of patient freedom.

This statement has been issued by BUPA in support of the Campaign for Independence in Medicine; in the interests of BUPA subscribers and the interests of the public at large.

The British United Provident Association Limited, Provident House, Essex Street, London WC2R 3AX.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greenwich – means that even the *gulls* don't fly straight, but swerve and curve as if they were giving an aerial display. The Isle of Dogs is the most notorious for its isolation; this is partly because of the attempt a few years ago to seduce the middle classes into living there. Rows of pleasant modern riverfront houses, complete with garage and roof-top studio, were built and put on the market, at the height of the boom, at around £35,000. The prices are now probably about two-thirds of that; yet in one street I looked at, only one of a dozen houses was occupied: and in any case there was a large wooden fence on the opposite side of the street effectively blocking any view of the Thames.

Where Docklands Stops

So transport is the priority. The GLC is (more or less) committed to extending the Underground's new Fleet line eastwards as far as the Isle of Dogs, though whether it then goes under the river to the south bank and Thamesmead, or straight on east to Beckton, is a subject for fairly acrimonious debate. Oh, Beckton. When I said I proposed to visit it without a car, everyone said: 'Don't bother. You'll need three buses and they only run about every half an hour.' When I succumbed and took a car, I saw their point. Beckton is the end. Literally the end, because this is where 'Docklands' stops. This is where everything stopped a long time ago. Hundreds of the houses are pre-fabs though I did see one broken-down street of 'municipal dwellings' opened by the chairman of the council, 'in the presence of the Committee on the Housing of the Working Classes', in August 1900. They must have been quite decent houses in their time. Now, despite endless scrubbing and new net curtains, they are not. (On the front of each is a plaque inscribed 'Progressio Populo' – on the front of all but one, that is. Perhaps the tenant tore it down in an understandable fury.)

Beckton is famous for two things – the gasworks, and what is bitterly called the 'Beckton Alps', a 12-acre slag-heap 60 ft. high. It is the highest point in Docklands, and one of these days it is supposed to be grassed over. Behind it lies a 65-acre development site with nothing on it except a notice: 'Factories To Let or For Sale.'

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than with the furthest western end of Docklands, at the Tower, where during the building boom Taylor Woodrow paid £200m. for the St Katharine's Dock site. They opened their 800-bedroom Tower Hotel two and a half years ago, and built a World Trade Centre and a very pretty, very expensive marina which continues to enrage local people. The price of a single room is officially £17.50 a night, though everyone I spoke to there was on a package tour. The cracks are beginning to show – not in the structure, but certainly in the fitted carpets. More important, Taylor Woodrow have not yet built the promised 300 council houses on the adjoining site, the *quid pro quo* for their planning permission. This site, like so much of the East End, is fenced-off rubble, though one is told that they have finally begun clearing it. On the most optimistic predictions, the hotel will have been open for well over three years, probably at least four, before the first local council tenant moves in.

So to Question Two – can the Plan work, taking just the transport infrastructure to begin with? The Joint Docks Action Committee (JDAG), is an umbrella organisation of all the local action groups, financed by the GLC. They live off the Commercial Road, more or less in the middle of a street market, with the painted slogan on their door 'You are now entering a Disaster Area'. The staff and volunteers consist of young, dedicated, competent people, many of whom have done this kind of liaison work before – their chairman, Nick Sharman, was previously in Newcastle. He – and the group – are right behind the GLC's plan for a tube, but rather for social reasons than because they think it will bring industry into Docklands – especially into places like Beckton and other parts of Newham. This is partly because they believe that it is not just lack of transport that has forced industry out of the East End, but a whole series of other factors which apply to other cities as well as to London.

There has been, on the one hand, positive government encouragement to get industry out – into new towns, or into development areas. In any case, industry might have found it more profitable to leave anyway, for places with lower land prices and rents. JDAG have doubts about the length of time it will take to build the projected tube, and the amount of public funds available. They are (as one would expect) in favour of buses, which are cheaper and instantly available. Similarly, on the Thames itself, they feel no attention has been paid to the possibility of using special container barges, which can get into the existing docks, rather than lorries. One barge, for instance, can take 50 lorry-loads of cement up the river: apart from providing employment, the saving in fuel costs alone would be enormous.

Skilled Work Force

As for industry, everyone would like to see the other traditional trades continue and prosper – the fashion trade, jewellery, printing, furniture-making and so forth. Where the JDAG disagree with the Team is on their lack of short-term policies: it should be a priority, they feel, to renovate existing factory buildings, where some small firms have operated on one floor each for a quarter of a century, not let them fall into disrepair in the hope of selling them off for a redevelopment day which may never dawn. At the same time, this preserves existing, often family-based, skills. (In all five boroughs involved, skilled workers form the highest percentage of the work force.)

But to keep people in an area, and to keep that area alive, you need housing. And not, thank you, tower blocks *à la* Ronan Point. As David Wilcox puts it in this week's *Architects' Journal*: 'It's just the sort of area that any young couple about to start a family would leave if they had the chance – and many have.' In Tower Hamlets, probably the most enterprising of the boroughs under its 29-year-old leader Paul Beasley, one extremely controversial scheme has been started to prevent the region becoming a ghetto of the old, the poor and the black. Ten per cent of their housing is allocated to young couples (they needn't be married). The only qualification is that one of them shall be under 30 and one must have lived in the area for two years. Then, names are drawn out of a hat.

But Tower Hamlets has gone much further. Long before the Development Team was even thought of, the council had its eye on the PLA-owned London Docks area – some 103 acres. They managed to acquire it this year for just over £3½m., when even a year ago the asking price was £4¼m. What is new as a way of funding local authority development is the way they are using private developers. They have far more control over them than the GLC when Taylor Woodrow bought St Katharine's Docks, because Tower Hamlets council retains the freehold and is already collecting rents which are a certain percentage above bank-rate on the purchase price of the property. When the developer begins to get a return of over 10 per cent on his property, Tower Hamlets will share his income, a 'second rent'. And all this will help pay for 69 of the 103 acres being used for council housing and amenities, eventually for 5,000 people. Paul Beasley is naturally excited about the plan, if slightly apprehensive that GLC anti-office policy may endanger his plans to lease eight acres of the site for 'service' industries.

The Money Question

New, heady stuff, but the last question remains: *is* it feasible? Beasley's solution is one that might, adapted, work elsewhere; but in the final resort, it cannot and will not work without extra government funds. (Projections now, i.e. at today's prices, are for a total outlay in Docklands of £2,000m. over 20 years. No rate support grant is going to shore up that kind of spending.) Yet in the White Paper last year the Government specifically stated that developments in Docklands will 'be eligible for the normal forms of Government financial support . . . *The Government has no plans for special forms of support over and above these.*' (My italics.) So the only hope is for some change in regional policy, which might designate Docklands specifically as a development area. Unfortunately, though, this is thought to be pie-and-mash in the sky – and the best that can be hoped for is a relaxation over Industrial Development Certificates, increasing Docklands' quota and issuing more speculative ones, so that the boroughs can 'get on with the job'.

Because 'getting on with the job' is what everyone now wants to do. They are, to put it mildly, fed up to the teeth with committees and consultation, with maps and meetings, with 'ifs', 'buts', 'maybe' and 'in-the-not-too-far-distant future'. Above all, they are fed up – or at least that is the impression I got – with huge great plans, however good the mix between idealism and pragmatism. Bluntly, the day of the Grand Design is over; and so, unfortunately, are the days of almost obligatory cooperation between the boroughs concerned, Labour-controlled though they may all be. I shall be surprised if Tower Hamlets hasn't got something valuable to show for itself in five years' time. I shall, I'm afraid, be amazed if Beckton has.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christopher Hitchens

Iraq Flexes Arab Muscle

An Arab country with the second largest proven oil reserves, a fierce revolutionary ideology, a large and recently-blooded army, and a leadership composed almost entirely of men in their thirties is obviously a force to be reckoned with. Iraq, which has this dynamic combination and much else besides, has not until recently been very much regarded as a power. But with the new discussions in Opec, the ending of the Kurdistan war and the new round of fighting in Lebanon, its political voice is being heard more and more. The Baghdad regime is the first oil-producing government to opt for 100-per-cent nationalisation, a process completed with the acquisition of foreign assets in Basrah last December. It was the first to call for the use of oil as a political weapon against Israel and her backers. It gives strong economic and political support to the 'Rejection Front' Palestinians who oppose Arafat's conciliation and are currently trying to outface the Syrians in Beirut. And it has a leader – Saddam Hussain – who has sprung from being an underground revolutionary gunman to perhaps the first visionary Arab statesman since Nasser.

Dining with an old man on a houseboat moored in the Tigris, I discovered that he inadvertently embodied the history of modern Iraq. He had been imprisoned in 1941 for opposing the British, again in 1959 for hostility to Kassem's pro-Russian line and finally in 1969 by the present regime. The last of these had, he said, been easily the worst. He was personally interrogated by Nadim Kzar, then head of the secret police and since executed for his crimes. There had been torture and brutality of a far worse sort than his previous incarcerations. And yet he declared that he thought the present government the best Iraqi Administration he had seen. Why? 'Because it has made us strong and respected.' There seems no getting round this point. From the festeringly poor and politically dependent nation of a generation ago, Iraq has become a power in every sense – military, economic and ideological. Currently, it is pressing for a more aggressive Opec pricing strategy in order to raise more cash for its development projects, and envisages a doubling of oil production from 2m. barrels per day to over 4m. within the next ten years.

Strangely, its ally in this push against the Saudis is none other than neighbouring Iran, with which Iraq has only recently ceased a near state of war over Kurdistan. The Shah and his 'White Revolution' also need quick money to finance internal development, enormous military expansion and foreign aid programmes. The difference is that while the Shah ranges himself against communism and sends troops to the Gulf to fight Arab guerrillas, Iraq is dedicated to the idea of a single socialist Arab nation from Gibraltar to the Indian ocean; the original Ba'athist dream.

In their different crusades, both Iraq and Iran take a distinctly unsentimental line on internal opposition. Ba'ath party spokesmen, when questioned about the lack of public dissent, will point to efforts made by the party press to stimulate criticism of revolutionary shortcomings. True enough, there are such efforts, but they fall rather short of permitting any organised opposition. The argument then moves to the claim, which is often made in Iraq, that the country is surrounded by enemies and attacked by imperialist intrigue. Somewhere in the collision between Baghdad and Teheran on this point, the Kurdish nationalists met a very painful end. We now know, from the US committee of investigation, chaired by Congressman Otis Pike, that there was a Nixon-Kissinger strategy of arming and encouraging a Kurdish revolt, not for the purpose of creating a Kurdish state (which would have horrified the Shah) but for the purpose of de-stabilising Iraq. It was specifically argued, by those who planned the operation, that the Kurds should not be allowed to win.

They were allowed to take heavy casualties and suffer appalling refugee problems; and then were dumped unceremoniously when it became clear that the Iraqi government was not going to crumble. 'Even in the context of covert action,' says the report, 'ours was a cynical enterprise.' As one who had, on previous visits to Baghdad, scorned the argument that the Kurds were foreign puppets, I should say that 'cynical' is the mildest adjective that could be used about this latest triumph of the Secretary of State.

The Kurds now have a very attenuated version of autonomy, and former members of the Barzani armed forces are being moved to the South. At least, however, Iraq constitutionally recognises that she is a partly Kurdish state, which is more than Iran or Turkey do. Further tests for the regime lie ahead. The quarrel with Syria, which involves differences over Ba'athist ideology as well as a dispute over Syrian damming of the Euphrates river, has now extended to the Lebanon, where Syrian troops have attacked newspapers and buildings controlled by Iraqi-sympathising Palestinians. Relations with Iran are still far from cordial. In response to requests for criticism in the party press, some demands were raised for a constituent assembly, and other complaints voiced about the tightness of the regime. All these remain to be acted on, and as the situation grows more complicated Saddam Hussain will rise more clearly to the top. Make a note of the name. Iraq has been strengthened internally by the construction of a 'strategic pipeline' which connects the Gulf to the northern fields for the first time. She has been strengthened externally by her support for revolutionary causes and by the resources she can deploy. It may not be electrification plus Soviet power, but the combination of oil and 'Arab socialism' is hardly less powerful.

Baghdad

A MATTER OF LIFE

A SERIES OF THREE MEDICAL PROGRAMMES MADE BY YORKSHIRE TELEVISION'S AWARD WINNING SCIENCE TEAM FOR THE ITV NETWORK.

1. 'It's a bit frightening'

Should brain surgeons change your personality?.

10.30pm TUESDAY, MARCH 30th. ITV NETWORK

2. 'The boy in the bubble'

The amazing story of a four year old American boy, David, and his life inside a plastic bubble.

Contact with the outside world would prove fatal.

10.40pm TUESDAY, APRIL 6th. ITV NETWORK

3. 'A dying art'

The G.P.; social worker?, psychiatrist? or diagnostician?.

A unique insight into the daily problems of family doctors.

10.30pm TUESDAY, APRIL 13th. ITV NETWORK

A MATTER OF LIFE

Yorkshire Television

A member of the Trident Television Group

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profile: Lady Plowden

The Good Woman of Brompton Road

'Commonsense,' wrote Descartes, 'is the most widely shared commodity in the world, for everyone is convinced that he is well supplied with it.' When Lady Plowden became chairman of the Independent Broadcasting Authority – exactly one year ago – the word was often on her lips. It was to be the criterion by which she would judge the productions of those who were . . . well . . . perhaps a little less well supplied. A year later she still believes in the divine power of that instinctive attribute. She sees the IBA as a structure, ruled by commonsense, which the 'creative chaps' will try to push out of shape if given half a chance – if not controlled.

At a conference on Voluntary Action and Television (sponsored jointly by the IBA and Community Service Volunteers) Lady Plowden is in her element. There are the half-spectacles, the plain, well-cut suit, the deep upper-class voice telling people, with accustomed authority, to stand up or speak louder, and a face that can purse or smile without altering the near-condescension of its expression. She stands and praises programmes on voluntary action which invite viewers to 'get up, switch off and do something'; she approves this concentration on 'not just what the professionals can do'; she adds: 'If I was to look at what area of television needs most growth it is this whole area of social concern and participation.' Her emphases are significant, showing the two sides of Lady P. The 64-year-old woman at the head of a multi-million pound industry, who takes ultimate responsibility for over 100 broadcasting hours a week, is certainly well-meaning and sincere. At the same time she shows the confident weakness of the social engineer and the dangerous woolliness of the amateur pleased to have more power than the professionals.

Bridgit Horatia Plowden, an admiral's daughter, has always shown the devotion to public service typical of her class. From running a Brownie pack to being a chairman of many committees; from speaking at schools to spending over four years as a governor and vice-chairman of the BBC, she has been found where intelligence, combined with energy, ambition and a firm sense of what is right, can best be seen to be useful. And usefully have unseen influence over the lives of others.

Education has always been one of her chief interests – her most famous achievement the Plowden Report on primary education in 1966. But it was in this field of education that she first showed an interesting tendency to change her mind in the direction of optimism and wild surmise. The Plowden Report placed strong emphasis on the importance of nursery education, recommending radical expansion and expenditure. But in 1973 Lady Plowden was the first public figure to suggest that, after all, money spent thus might be wasted. As president of the Pre-school Playgroups Association she argued that making mothers good mothers is more important than spending millions on formal pre-school education, that the home is most important so the home should be improved – 'You do not do this by sending a child to nursery class for 2½ hours a day'. The approach was reminiscent of Sir Keith Joseph's: concerned, idealistic, blind. Lady Plowden has always been moving in her description of a problem. When it comes to analysis, or offering hard solutions, she fails completely. Exactly how do you improve mothers? She did not say. On the side of the amateurs (mothers running playgroups) not the professionals (the NUT), Lady Plowden seemed to forget the realities of her own report. It was an approach she would carry with her into television – the cosy optimism expressed by educationist Henry Hadow, quoted by her in a letter to *The Times*: 'What a wise and good parent desires for his own child, so should the nation desire for all children.'

But every parent is not wise and good, and nor is the nation. One suspects that Lady P. knows this – which is why she is not only concerned with the social responsibility of TV but with the influence its young radicals might have on the watching children of all ages. When she took over the £10,000-a-year part-time job, on 1 April 1975 she joined Brian Young, ex-headmaster of Charterhouse, and director-general since 1970. Young – bright, efficient and debonair – had had an easy time under former Labour Chief Whip Lord Aylestone, who was content to sit back and let the IBA staff take their decisions, like so many civil servants. It is assumed that an outside public figure, with little or no professional expertise, will head the Authority, but not that he/she will bother about the minutiae.

Yet Lady Plowden, doing a reverse of Lord Hill (who moved from ITV to head the BBC), went to Brompton Road with a reputation. She soon showed that, far from sitting back, she would dash off to the companies to see (in the words of a colleague) 'where she could do some good'. When she was appointed she remarked: 'I am very apolitical. I was appointed to the BBC by a Tory government and now I have got this job from a Labour government.' The prime ministerial patronage of Lady P. was not in fact surprising. In that way are the constitutionally independent broadcasting authorities ruled in fact by the few the Establishment chooses to guard the interests of the many.

Though her supporters might have cited Lady P.'s experience at the BBC as a qualification, that record was not encouraging. More than any other governor she had a reputation for intervention, a tendency to interfere at programme level which drove producers – and fellow governors – mad. It is remembered that at one stage she went round saying that not enough was done on the problems of management and too much on workers and unions – her husband, Lord Plowden, is a prominent industrialist. Once, when some MPs had been rudely addressed by a studio audience, she was furious – and sent them letters of apology. To Lady Plowden confrontation is an anathema, bad enough when it is with unpleasant journalists who ask probing questions, worse when it is with the actual public, those TV- watching kids. People who knew her at the BBC expected her to love her new power 'on the other side'. At a recent public function she replied to a question about her progress by rubbing her hands with glee: wonderful, she said, because over there at the Authority she had *real* power, she could call for programmes in advance and actively influence what goes on the screen.

Indeed Lady Plowden has this power. Under the Television Act 1964, the IBA has a duty to entertain, educate and inform, providing that 'nothing is included in the programmes which offends against good taste or decency or is likely to encourage or incite to crime or to lead to disorder or to be offensive to public feeling'. News and current affairs must be presented with 'due accuracy and impartiality'. These two clauses are crucial. Current affairs television – investigative or otherwise – is the area where journalists are most likely to come up against these statutory requirements. Decisions about whether a certain programme is 'offensive' or not 'impartial', or what is or is not a proper journalist practice, are made by the staff of the IBA with Brian Young and Lady Plowden at its head.

When Lady Plowden took over she made the now notorious gaffe of announcing to Michael Charlton that she did not think that television is the proper place for investigative journalism. Later she retracted slightly, saying that she was merely posing a question which, one year later, she still poses: 'I think I am asking how one can give the subject in its context, which enables the viewer to make a balanced judgment, if one hasn't sufficient time to do it.' It might seem worrying that Lady P. still does not know what she thinks about this issue which is central to any discussion about the importance of the medium and the independence of broadcasters. But she is quite clear how she reaches her judgment on whether a particular programme shows sufficient balance: 'It isn't your personal feeling. It is your interpretation, your commonsense, your judgment, applied to the interpretation of the Act. We don't just jump in for fun and say "I don't like that". I don't like violence or Westerns, but lots of people do. One isn't having a personal thing about it. One is using one's commonsense and one's judgment.'

Whether or not Lady P.'s commonsense, and judgment amounts to personal feelings – the fact remains that the IBA can, and does 'jump in'. The Annan Committee on the future of broadcasting has already received detailed complaints about its activities from the companies and their employees – for example, ten interventions in nine months in Thames TV's *This Week* programme. Well-known was the case of *This Week* on abortion: an issue in which Lady Plowden took a special interest. The film, sensitively made by an all-woman team, was shown to the IBA, which rang to say there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was no question of it being shown in its present form, as 'it contained scenes that would upset many women viewers'. The objection was not to the approach but to some of the content. When the film was resubmitted with very minor alterations, word came back that it must be viewed after 9 o'clock (at the time the programme had an 8.30 p.m. slot) and with a discussion to balance the film. In fact Lady Plowden, with moral doubts about the subject, had committed an act of political censorship. The Authority, like Thames, had shown the film to a mixed group of staff who saw nothing offensive in it; yet the insistence on a *balancing* discussion implicitly accused the programme of *bias*. Granada's *World in Action* has also had letters from Lady Plowden reproving the team for 'lapsing from the standards of impartiality expected'.

In July last year Lady Plowden wrote a letter to a viewer who complained about the IBA's role. Detailing the Authority's responsibilities under the Act, she said: 'All these requirements raise questions of editorial judgment. But in arriving at particular judgments we do not rely on "parameters" . . . but on commonsense and fair experience of viewer attitudes and reactions.' It is very easy for Lady Plowden and Brian Young to justify their interventions by reference to the statutory duties laid upon them by the Act. And it may not seem so serious that two people with no experience of professional journalism can actually ring up responsible and experienced TV men like David Plowright, John Birt or Jeremy Isaacs and say: 'You may not transmit this unless . . .', or 'This must go out later when those too-easily-influenceable masses are not watching . . .'. It may not seem serious that they value their own commonsense above that of people who have a vested interest firstly in good journalism, and secondly in keeping audiences.

But if you think that programmes which investigate the evils of exploitation and starvation, which challenge the beliefs of that Establishment which appointed Lady P. are essential – then, as one programme maker put it: 'One should be seriously worried about the way the IBA takes its decisions. It exercises a negative, not a positive function – taking the role of publisher when it should merely have that of printer.' It may be true that the Television Act is the villain of the piece, but the fact remains that the IBA does little to work out a philosophy, to view television with innovative intelligence. Watchdogs may be necessary, but what are they watching? It is felt among some programme makers that, far from simply watching over the viewers' interests, Lady Plowden is watching, like a schoolmistress, that the boys don't go too far.

There is no doubt that she sees herself as defender of a position:

> It's a great help having professionals *on one's own side*, like the people here – who are only looking at it from the point of view of the Authority. I think there's always a difficulty when you are dealing with people who are halfway up. If you start from your producers and directors and programme controllers, it's rather a problem as to who's going to be encouraging the young men. Whether you're going to be on the side of encouraging the young men, or on the side of authority and see that the young men don't go so fast. There is something to be said, if you are sitting *at the top*, for having your *own* professionals who can both interpret to you what the young men may be thinking, but can also interpret *down* to the people who are making the programmes *your* feelings, and the duties you have to carry out under the Act.

It seems that some sense is more common than others. It remains to speculate on the nature of that position Lady Plowden is defending from 'the top'. In his *Diary* Cecil King recounts how at dinner Lady Plowden 'an excellent woman, able, intelligent, forceful and cultured', 'wondered why her daughters read trashy books and magazines for their happy endings'. Later the conversation turns to politics and the awfulness of the trades unions . . . and the scenario is predictable. Lady Plowden, whose parents, sister and brother-in-law were involved with Moral Re-Armament, is of that class which would sincerely like people to be 'better', but believes it has the prerogative to guide. One whose own virtues are apparent, she is nonetheless of the type which considers Knowledge, Understanding, even Information, to be in its gift.

For, like her daughters, Lady Plowden wants happy endings. She is not happy to admit that mothers may not be good mothers. Nor that tastes can be low. Nor that, in a world that is deeply divided, where each side is convinced of its own truth, commonsense may not be the safest criterion on which to base a judgment. Nor that people may scream at MPs, or have abortions, or make bombs because of pressures Lady P. has never witnessed, let alone experienced. Journalism, perforce, must concentrate on these things – which is why the chairman of the IBA does not, in truth, like journalists. A little social engineering, some reassurance, a 'leisurely discussion' of the sort she likes in which the only 'bias against understanding' might arise from the multi-syllabic vocabulary – all that is acceptable. But conviction, opinion, investigation, exposure, boldness, criticism of the status quo . . . those things sincerely worry Lady Plowden, who thinks that viewers do not *want* to be disturbed, that they would rather see scenes of happiness than of poverty and despair. Journalists, she nods, do not *know* what they're doing.

Lady Plowden may have only a marginal effect on the industry – in her first year she has 'just begun to learn'. But if she would impose her standards on the journalists, disguising deep conservatism with commonsense, she should remember that Shaw interpreted the person of 'great commonsense and good taste' as being, not virtuous, but 'without originality or moral courage'.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Griffith

Squatters as Criminals?

'Jesu!' said the Squire, 'would you commit two persons to bridewell for a twig?' 'Yes,' said the Lawyer, 'and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree they would have been both hanged.'

E. P. Thompson puts that quotation from Henry Fielding on the flyleaf of his book on the Black Act of 1723, *Whigs and Hunters*. Disorders often spring from society's failures, and homelessness results from the greatest and continuing failure of post-war society in this country.

Sixty per cent of dwellings occupied by squatters in the London Borough of Lambeth house families with children. Lord Denning in a recent Southwark case said of a married man with two children (one aged five years, the other five months) who were homeless: 'They stayed with friends for a little while, but then they were told to leave. They were desperate, he says. They had not any relatives to assist them. They went in desperation to the Housing Department. They could not help them. They were forced to walk the streets.' So they occupied empty property owned by Southwark Council scheduled for development at some indefinite time in the future.

Squatters are trespassers and so liable to civil action brought by a person or public authority. Until 1970 a writ to enforce a judgment or order giving possession could not be granted unless every person in actual possession had had notice of the proceedings. Squatters posed a problem as they were not always available for the service of notice or might be minded not to give their names when asked. So the judges changed the rules and in 1970 made orders 113 and 26 of the Rules of the Supreme Court and of the County Courts. These provided a speedy procedure for obtaining possession and provide that, if the owner could show he had taken 'reasonable steps' to discover the identity of the trespassers, the court could grant a possession order which might be against 'persons unknown'. The law is not half such as ass as is sometimes supposed.

From there on, the sailing was plain and any breeze that ruffled the surface was dealt with smoothly. For good measure Lord Denning reminded owners of their own rights of self-help:

> The owner is not obliged to go to the courts to obtain possession. He is entitled if he so desires to take the remedy into his own hands. He can go in himself and turn them out without the aid of the courts of justice. This is not a course to be recommended because of the disturbance which might follow. But the legality of it is beyond question . . . Even though the owner himself should use force, then so long as he uses no more force than is reasonably necessary, he is not himself liable either criminally or civilly.

On the basis of a logical fallacy – 'seeing that the owner could take possession at once without the help of the courts, it is plain that when he does come to the courts he should not be in any worse position' – Lord Denning denied any power in the courts to suspend the execution of possession orders.

Another slight hiccough occurred when an owner permitted squatters to occupy and then sold the house to a local authority. But the courts decided that, once the sale was through, the squatters could be turned out at once under the new procedure. Then an electricity board agreed to supply squatters and did so and was paid for several weeks. But the courts held the board was entitled to cut off the supply at will because the squatters were not 'occupiers' for this purpose, however much they might be for the law of trespass.

Flexing its muscles, order 113 was then applied to students sitting in administrative offices of a university. And when it was argued that the officers of the university had not taken 'reasonable steps' to discover the identity of their own students, Lord Denning replied with words which have the ring of the centuries about them: 'The names of the ringleaders are enough.'

Pressing on, it was then decided that bailiffs were entitled to evict a man and his four children even though they had not even been in possession when the court's judgment was given. But perhaps the nadir of judicial administration was reached (though these may well prove to be reckless words) by a judgment last year when even the requirement of 'reasonable steps' was pushed aside. Mr. Justice Oliver said:

> To construe the rule as meaning that a prospective plaintiff must take every step open to him which was reasonably possible would not only put an intolerable burden on him, but would turn any proceedings under the rule into something of a lottery, a forensic game of snakes and ladders, since the plaintiff could never know until he came to court whether the court might not, prompted by the ingenuity of counsel, find some further step which was reasonably practicable which had not been taken . . . The Rules of the Supreme Court were the instrument through which the courts acted to secure justice, their servants not their tyrants.

In this jungle the Law Commission has now tried to clear a space (House of Commons Paper 176 of 1975-76). In an earlier working paper the Commission had proposed the creation of a new criminal offence of being unlawfully on property and failing to leave as soon as reasonably practicable after having been ordered to leave by a person entitled to occupation.

This had about it an assumption of horrifying and horrendous proportions. It introduced into a field hitherto almost exclusively governed by the civil law a criminal offence inevitably entailing immediate and physical intervention by the police with imprisonment as a possible sanction. Moreover, the offence would be initiated by the owner giving his order. As the Commission now says, views were sharply divided on the acceptability of this offence. Property organisations favoured it. Among those who did not were some who based their opposition on the wider social ground that such a criminal offence might aggravate the social tensions, including the Bar and the chief police officers 'who saw danger in new areas of confrontation with misguided but well-meaning members of the public'.

So the Commission abandoned its proposal. Instead it has recommended that 'any person who is on any premises as a trespasser is guilty of an offence if he fails to leave those premises on being required to do so by or on behalf of a displaced residential occupier of the premises'. The purpose is to limit this new offence to circumstances where an occupier was living in residential property, left it temporarily, and then returned to find it occupied by a trespasser. This, of course, is not what is usually meant by 'squatting' and it has occurred very infrequently.

The Law Commission further proposes that a trespasser should be guilty of an offence if, without lawful authority or reasonable excuse, he has any offensive weapon. The proposal provides that a constable may arrest without warrant anyone who is, or whom he with reasonable cause suspects to be, in the act of committing this offence. The offence is punishable with a maximum of two years' imprisonment and a fine. This would seem (and this may be the real purpose) to entitle the police to enter without warrant any premises where there are squatters or sitting-in students or workers.

In these and other provisions in the proposals there are difficulties and dangers. But, as with all attempts to change the existing law, the greatest danger is what the courts will make of any such legislation. The spirit of the common law in all its majesty, its insistence on the need for justice not only being done but being seen to be done, and the way in which it tempers the rigour of rule-making with equity, is shown in a statement by Lord Denning in the case referred to above where he showed such sympathy for the homeless man and his two small children:

> If homelessness were once admitted as a defence to trespass, no one's house could be safe. Necessity would open a door which no man could shut. It would not only be those in extreme need who would enter. There would be others who would imagine they were in need, or would invent a need, so as to gain entry. Each man would say his need was greater than the next man's. The plea would be an excuse for all sorts of wrongdoing. So the courts must, for the sake of law and order, take a firm stand. They must refuse to admit the plea of necessity to the hungry and the homeless: and trust that their distress will be relieved by the charitable and the good.

And Lord Justice Lawton referred to 'the difficulties and unpleasantness of administering the law as it is without fear and favour to any man'. Presumably this is especially so when you and your fellow judges have so recently made the law as it is.

How will the Government and Parliament react to the Law Commission's proposals? Will they settle for the extension of criminality there suggested? Or will the twig be redefined as a young tree?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ The secret of Jim Callaghan's success in nosing in front of Michael Foot on the PLP's second ballot this week lay in Wales. Though neither is a Welshman, each represents a Welsh constituency – Foot (since 1960) Nye Bevan's old seat of Ebbw Vale, and Callaghan (since 1945) first South and now South East Cardiff. As the romantic, the radical, even the socialist candidate, Foot might have been expected to pull out the Celtic rebel vote among his colleagues. Alas, he did no such thing. From the 23 Welsh MPs he got only five votes, with Callaghan collaring no fewer than 18 (including four that had originally belonged to the emigrant, rather than the immigrant, Welshman – Roy Jenkins). Of course Callaghan's own campaign manager, Merlyn Rees, is another expatriate Welshman; but that is hardly true of Gregor Mackenzie, Ray Carter, Roy Hattersley or any other member of the Foreign Secretary's Praetorian Guard. How, then, did he scoop the pool? I don't know. I simply record the fact that it was the traditional bastion of socialism within the Labour Party that put him over the top. Not, I suppose, since the days of Henry Tudor can anyone have used a Welsh base so skilfully to reach for the crown as Jim Callaghan has this week.

☐ Wales had an impact on Labour's leadership decision in one other way. I have yet to meet a disappointed Jenkins devotee who fails to wince at any mention of the speech his fallen hero made at Llangefni in January. That was the occasion on which Jenkins suggested that if public expenditure (in the gross and misleading form in which it is normally presented) were once allowed to go above 60 per cent, we should all find ourselves on the fringe of the totalitarian state. If Jenkins last week got 56 votes – rather than the 70-or-so which had been so confidently predicted – a large part of the explanation lies, I suspect, in that speech. It lined Jenkins up not, where he should belong, with the Labour Party's liberal wing but rather with the national reactionary Right (Uncle Alun Chalfont and all).

☐ Still, in these drab days one should, no doubt, forgive much to a politician who at least personifies style and grace. Only the *Sunday Times*, as far as I could see, even mentioned that in withdrawing his candidature last week Jenkins consoled his supporters with a quotation from General Robert E. Lee's farewell to the Confederate Army after Appomattox. It may not have been anywhere near as good as Adlai Stevenson's borrowing in defeat from Abraham Lincoln – 'I feel like the small boy who stubbed his toe in the dark: I am too old to cry but it hurts too much to laugh' – but it symbolised very much the same approach to politics. It also may have helped by providing a mask. Last Friday, on the morning after his defeat, Jenkins went up to Glasgow to deliver a speech originally intended as the centrepiece of his attempt to capture the support of Scottish Labour MPs for his leadership bid. With all that behind him, the occasion could have been embarrassing; nevertheless, given Jenkins's oratorical gifts, it passed off successfully enough. Not so, however, all the pre-arranged television publicity. At one interview Jenkins could barely contain himself when a young STV reporter was rash enough to ask him 'Well, Mr Jenkins, what's your future in politics now?' He just contrived to give some form of answer to the question but immediately the cameras were off rounded on the interviewer in a way that embarrassed even his own friends and retainers. What was all that, then, about 'style and grace'? The answer is that that same night he tracked down and rang up the young man from STV in order to apologise for what he felt was his unforgiveable behaviour. When Jim Callaghan does that . . .

☐ We can't, I fear, expect any immediate major restructuring of the Government whatever happens next Monday. Whoever takes over Number 10 should, however, try to find a way of sending out a signal that ancient vendettas are over – just as Mrs Thatcher did when she admitted the Heath-slighted John Biffen to her 'shadow' cabinet. What, then, do I look forward to seeing? First, the restoration of Eric Heffer to the Government – where left-wingers at the moment are not exactly thick on the ground. Secondly, some job (or at least joblet) for David Marquand – the most disregarded talent now languishing on Labour's back benches. I'd like to think the same thing would happen with John P. Mackintosh – though I can't say I'm altogether confident about that after his piece in this week's NS. I suspect, too (see above), that in one set of circumstances there will have to be some rewards for Welshmen. One could, with advantage, go to Jeffrey Thomas, the barrister-MP for Abertillery. It might, who knows, even occur to someone that a new government deserves some new law officers?

☐ 'A week . . .', well we all know about that one. The more, however, I think about the abortive Healey campaign, the more convinced I become that a decade can also sometimes be quite a *short* time in politics. Of the four people who ran Healey's leadership bid, three – Edmund Dell, Joel Barnett and Bob Sheldon – were ten years ago the most searching Labour critics of Jim Callaghan when he was Chancellor. They didn't, to put it brutally, think he was much good at his job. And the way they went down with the sinking Healey ship provides, I suppose, the ultimate proof of the integrity of their convictions. I give them full marks for political courage – indeed rather higher marks than I give Healey himself for what still looks to me far more like a personal ego trip than anything else (and an inept one at that). Healey, after all, had three decisions to make. The first was whether to get into the race: the answer to that, given that he was Chancellor, should arguably have been an immediate 'yes'. The second, having dithered, was whether it was still worth making a late entry: the answer to that should probably have been 'no'. The third, having been humiliated on the first ballot, was whether to follow the example of the two candidates ahead of him and enable the party to do what it wanted to do and come to a speedy decision: the answer to that should certainly have been 'yes'. So three botched decisions in a row? Let's just say that I haven't seen a performance like it since Healey's own flip-flop on the Common Market five or six years ago.

☐ Incidentally, since politicians are usually great lovers of precedent, I'm amazed that none of the contenders this time drew the moral from what happened on the last occasion a prime minister quit in office. You remember (who indeed can forget?) the public brawl that took place in the Tory Party in October 1963 when Macmillan announced his retirement from hospital? Only one man emerged with any credit from it – and that was the sole, ranking Tory politician who refused to take part. Ted Heath simply stood well back – and two years later sailed into the leadership, effortlessly pushing all the 1963 runners to one side. Shouldn't someone have remembered that this time round? Perhaps Shirley Williams did. After all, both Jim Callaghan and Michael Foot are *older* than Lord Home was in 1963.

☐ If I have to carry a memory away from the past two weeks, it will be of one simple scene. It occurred – as Sir Claus Moser's General Household Survey tells us everything now does for the British – on television. To be precise, on *Panorama*, the last 'flagship' we as a nation have left. A fortnight ago (and how long ago that seems) the various candidates were filmed entering Number 10 for a cabinet meeting. Some limply waved, others grinned bashfully: only one really knew what to do. All benevolence, Jim Callaghan simply engaged the policeman standing outside the front-door in earnest and, as it seemed, sympathetic conversation – breaking off eventually with an affectionate pat on the policeman's elbow. 'Good night, all.'

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ But chief executive Carl Duerr explained to the *Engineer* this week that the worker director members will not be elected to board membership by the workforce. Such elections, he claimed, would be undemocratic because they would result in the hardest campaigners being elected rather than the most suitable representatives. – *Engineer* (P. C. Francis)

☐ His mother pleaded for everyone to forget 'the nasty little bit of scandal' involving her son and Princess Margaret. 'What does it all matter?' she asked. 'Why can't everyone forget it and do something to help Rhodesia? – *Daily Mirror* (E. H. Todd)

☐ One of the many things I like about Stracey as a world champion fighter is that he recognises and realises how ruthless his job must be. He wasn't above hitting Lewis low, or after the bell. – Frank McGee in the *Daily Mirror* (Niall Kiely)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oscar Millard

America is Insurance Happy

Even with inflation, $30,000 a year would seem to be a comfortable income for a young gynaecologist. But, practising in California, he has to pay $36,000 a year for his malpractice insurance: an increase of 486 per cent over last year. His 'high risk' colleagues in anaesthesiology and neurosurgery now have to fork out $48,000 a year. And there is moaning at the bar.

After a month-long doctors' strike that ended with the passage of a toothless law satisfying no one, the malpractice mess remains the subject of acrimonious debate and bitter recrimination. The *Los Angeles Times* runs columns of plaintive, self-serving letters from MDs who say they have no choice but to retire or practice 'bare' (without insurance), from patients who resent being soaked to cover the exorbitant premiums, and from trial lawyers who claim they are being made the scapegoat for doctors' incompetence and insurers' rapacity. The doctors deliver themselves of sombre warnings that the practice of medicine in the States, hitherto 'the best in the world', will suffer grievous change because of their reluctance to attempt any treatment that carries risk of failure. One may judge of the prevailing paranoid atmosphere when a physician who has never had a claim against him can write: 'I'm reaching the point where I can't practise medicine properly because every time I look at a patient I wonder whether he'll sue me.'

A profession that lumped socialised medicine with godless communism and contributed millions to fight Medicare now assails Governor Brown for rejecting its demands that the state become the insurer of last resort if and when a projected 'pool' (to which many doctors refuse to subscribe) falls short.

The lawyers, co-heavies with the insurance carriers in the malpractice drama, are also having their troubles; their malpractice premiums are going up 385 per cent. And they dare not go 'bare', for the lawyer is not immune from the litigiousness that he fosters. A patient, dissuaded from suing his doctor, went to another lawyer who took the case and won substantial damages. Whereupon the litigious patient sued the first attorney for giving him bad advice, and won.

America has become chronically litigious, largely because of the contingency fee system. Presented as a boon to the impecunious, it is simply bait, exciting cupidity and contributing to the clutter of the courts. Malpractice insurance offers such a potential bonanza that it might have been invented by lawyers in collusion with insurance companies. Protect the patient, then protect the doctor against the patient. And divvy up the pot. American insurance companies are in the protection racket. Life is not fraught with enough natural hazards, they must dream up anxiety situations. Your loved ones are a heavy ploy. Those kids who, though it kills you, must go to college. That mortgage you wouldn't want the little woman to be stuck with. Do you have a swimming pool, a glass door, a big tree? Somebody may fall in it, walk into it or fall out of it. Are you covered? Every amenity sport or hobby is a fruitful source of trouble and premiums. The automobile is, of course, the gold mine, and the insurance companies will strain equity and logic to extract the last nugget.

For instance, unnerved by my 3.4 Jaguar, which would start only three times out of five, I now have two cars. As the sole driver I offered to waive compensation except for fire and theft in the event that someone drove the second car while I was on the road with the first. Not on your life. With one car in the garage I must pay insurance on both cars, including full public liability, uninsured motorist coverage and medical payments. *Two* medical payments. In response to my protest, it was explained that it was not I who was insured but the car. Each *car*. Two cars, *ergo* two medical payments. But only one payoff, of course.

An insurance company's guiding principle would seem to be to shun coverage of anything that might really happen; or, if it is liable to happen, so to hedge their bets that one might as well not be covered. After the Los Angeles earthquake some years ago I inquired if I could obtain earthquake insurance to cover my swimming pool. Certainly – with a $5,000 deductible. And one Sunday morning an ambitious young insurance agent turned up unsolicited and urged me to spare my wife the anxiety of being stuck with the mortgage in the event that . . . I assured him I'd never given this a moment's thought, although, I added casually, I had had a mild heart attack. The young man blanched. A heart attack? Well . . . ugh . . . maybe we can handle that with a slight increase in premium and a waiver for death related to any cardio-vascular ailment. Okay, I said, but what about ulcers? 'Ulcers?' he said in a bloodless voice, realising he'd blown his Sunday morning. But he was game. 'I'll work something out for you,' he said. 'We'll just write in an exclusion for the intestinal tract.' I thanked him, reassured that my wife had nothing to worry about as long as I died of a head cold.

Concern over protection against the malpractice suit has come to transcend the Hippocratic Oath. In America today the answer to 'Is there a doctor in the house?' is 'Not if he knows what's good for him.' Riding through Beverly Hills one night with friends we saw people gathered round a man who was having convulsions. The driver of the car was a doctor and his wife said: 'Darling, aren't you going to stop?' He replied: 'Like hell.' And kept going. He is a decent man.

All the current attempts to solve the malpractice problems are foredoomed. The crux is money. Those bloated premiums point to a pool of cash, and where there is a lot of money the American Way is to go after a piece of the action. Suggestions that a solution might be found in the British approach are not well received: the conviction that American medicine is nonpareil, despite shocking evidence to the contrary, dies hard. But the fact is that the only solution is the elimination of malpractice insurance as now conceived. Remove the incentive and you reduce the litigation. The lawyers will look elsewhere for their contingency suits. Patients will gradually come to recognise that the practice of medicine is an art, not an exact science, and realise that they have no right to expect infallibility. Doctors seldom promise a cure; they just do their best, generally. If they fail why should they be sued more than the politician who promises the earth to get elected? No one has ever thought of suing the egregious former Governor Reagan, ex-film actor and would-be president, for reneging on his promise to reduce property taxes in California. And they're killing us.

Roger Woddis

Unfit for Heroes

According to the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys, only one person in five takes part in outdoor sport.

The word has gone out
From the OPCS:
We're tied to the telly,
We play less and less,
Our muscles have slackened,
Our vigour is gone;
Instead of partaking,
We'd rather look on.
At the end of the day,
When we've finished our jobs,
The Race stands revealed
As a nation of slobs.

Once Drake bowled at Plymouth
And Spain was brought low:
O what has become
Of our get-up-and-go?
When Hobbs was a hero
And Arsenal walked tall,
Our hobby was hitting
Or kicking a ball,
But now, so it seems
From this latest report,
A pint with the lads
Is our favourite sport.

Britannia is flabby,
We're lacking in vim,
We dig in the garden
And some of us swim.
We seldom play soccer,
As once was the case;
The strokes that we practise
Owe nothing to Grace.
We goggle, we potter,
We're lazy, we're stout –
We *must* stop this habit
Of lounging about!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Ichabod

It saddens me slightly that the first precaution I now take on entering a theatre to see a new play is to look about for the nearest emergency exit. And not in case of fire. It is doubtless entirely my fault that I do not always understand what is unfolding before me and, not understanding, become restless. I greatly enjoyed *No Man's Land* and the superb performances of John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. Wishful to discover afterwards what on earth the plot could have been about, I questioned Sir John, an old friend. He himself did not seem entirely sure. 'I think it's about *menace*,' he said. 'Oh I *see*,' I answered in my courteous way.

I haven't done all that amount of plunging headlong out of theatres in mid-performance, but I do now always buy a gangway seat and secure my line of retreat. I first plunged out in 1931, anxious to see no more of a Strindberg piece called *The Spook Sonata*, which, in conditions of really advanced gloom, featured a Milkmaid, a Consul (not a car) and a Mummy (not a mother), all in ghost form and jabbering away like anything. I plunged bravely ('Sh! Sh!') from *The Caretaker* when they asked that tramp, just once too often for me, what his name was. And I plunged quickest of all (after two minutes) out of a play called *Season of Goodwill* (a three-week disaster at the Queen's in 1964). I had, as it happens, written it myself and, disloyally first off the sinking ship, found the dialogue boring, long before critics and audiences came sensibly to the same conclusion.

It is, to say the least of it, a sobering experience to be responsible for an expensive theatrical failure. You feel guilty, and indeed you are. Being guilty, you must be punished. The painful lacerations come at regular intervals. The morning press ('This tedious piece . . .'). The evening papers ('Whatever can have induced H. M. Tennent to . . .'). The weeklies ('An unhappy evening . . .'). Highbrow theatre magazines ('We draw a veil . . .'). Broadcasting critics ('How I kept awake, I shall never . . .'). The author puts a courageous face on things and, walking up Shaftesbury Avenue, I looked so determinedly blithe, sunny and carefree that acquaintances, rightly appalled by the lunatic sight that I presented, shuddered and darted up side streets to avoid me.

A dear, but somewhat caustic, actress, Irene Browne, lived near me. 'How can you be so *brave* after such a fiasco?' she kept saying. She did not visibly get me down and so, deciding she was letting me off too lightly, she changed her tune. 'How can you be so *bold* . . .?' How indeed? It was a mixture of despair and wounded vanity, laced with bravado. Round about Christmas time, dramatic critics usually give a round-up of the year's offerings, from the peaks to the abysses, and there I was again ('Among the more depressing evenings . . .').

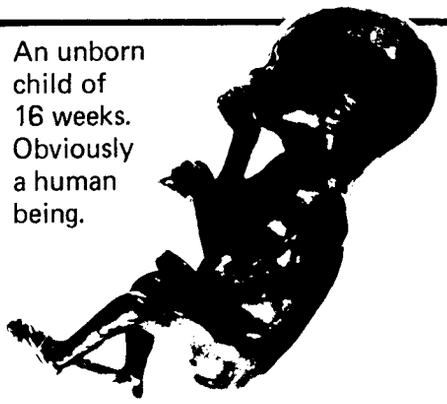
I consoled myself then, as I console myself now, by remembering the dear, dead, pre-war matinée days when, as like as not, you went to the theatre to see a star performer rather than to see a particular play. I went constantly. With tea in the interval safely ordered (paste sandwiches, Earl Grey, madeira cake), one took a quick glance at the programme's grateful acknowledgements, which delightfully revealed the kind of upper-crust world we were going to move in. Cigarettes by Abdulla. Silverware by Asprey. Furs by Hartnell. Champagne by Moët & Chandon. Jewellery by the Burma Co. Baby grand by Chappell. And a telephone, 'lent by the GPO'. Mean, even then.

Then, excitingly, the lights lower and the curtain rises on a sumptuous London drawing-room, costly flowers everywhere. Into this bower there enters a trim, uniformed housemaid followed by one of those totally reliable actresses (Martita Hunt, Marda Vanne) in which we have always specialised, fourth on the billing outside the theatre and now playing a totally reliable friend to the female star and called something like Grace Forster. They speak. 'Is her Ladyship not back yet, Saunders?' 'No, Madam. She telephoned from Harrods to say that she had been delayed.' There now! We're probably somewhere in SW1, and very nice too. The star's stage husband, grey-haired, distinguished, enters now from down-stage right (his study). 'Ah, Grace, my dear. [*He kisses her.*] Stella's expecting you for tea. Any idea what she's up to? She's been looking very *odd* these last few days and all morning she was like a cat on hot bricks.' You see? Excitement, interest, suspense are instantly created. No, Grace has no idea. Nor has Saunders, who has exited.

A car is heard stopping. The front door slams noisily. There is an anticipatory rustle in the audience. Marie Tempest's unmistakable voice is heard, off, probably loading parcels onto Saunders. We provide applause (and if we're sluggish with it, Miss Tempest always starts it herself in the wings), the door flies open and in she sails, ('Ah, Grace, my dear!' *She kisses her*), a pink vision with a saucy hat, and off we go for two hours of harmless enjoyment.

In the interval a woman behind me says: 'Wonderful, and she must be all of 84.' Bosh, of course, but remarks overheard in the theatre can be profitable. For John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, I sat in front of two smartly dressed middle-aged ladies who were evidently, from their chat, seeing the play for the first time. Fay Compton was Ophelia and went, in due course, quite splendidly mad, gibbering dottily all over the stage. A sigh from behind. 'Oh *dear*,' said a voice, 'I'm afraid she's going to be tiresome.'

PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 ?



An unborn child of 16 weeks. Obviously a human being.

You'd think so from the fact that last year 150,000 unborn children were killed in the UK under the 1967 Abortion Act. None was responsible for the poverty, slums, pollution, etc. which 'justified' their destruction. Why did they have to pay with their lives for the shortcomings of our society?

Some were pulled out bit by bit from their mothers' wombs, some sucked out in shreds by machine, others poisoned and delivered dead or removed live from their mothers' bodies and left to die in kidney dishes. All were human beings. Small, defenceless and innocent. But human.

An unwanted pregnancy may seem a disaster. The problems may seem enormous. But a civilised society doesn't solve problems by killing people. It finds a positive solution.

LIFE is a non-denominational, non-party-political organisation which says there is a positive alternative to abortion and will help any pregnant girl or woman to find it.

Save the Unborn Child

Life

35 Kenilworth Rd., Leamington Spa. Warks. 0926-21587

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Labour's Leadership

Sir, Thirteen years have passed since the last election of a leader of the Labour Party, and Harold Wilson's durability has blinded the party to the need to reconsider an election procedure still confined to the Parliamentary Party. It now becomes apparent that, by failing to do so, the Labour Party has fallen behind other parties. The Liberals are about to introduce a procedure giving the party outside Parliament the major vote in the election of a parliamentary leader. Even the Conservatives in 1975 took 'soundings' of opinion in the constituencies, although of course they did so behind a characteristic shroud of secrecy, and ignored the findings.

The election of a leader and Prime Minister is already under way, and it is too late to expect new machinery to be introduced on this occasion. What we can, and do, expect is that MPs recognise their responsibility to find out whom their constituency parties would like to see as leader, and give that due weight in casting their votes. As soon as the party has united behind the new leader, a fundamental re-examination of the procedure must be started. There is a natural reluctance to think about election procedures; they seem irrelevant when a leader's tenure is secure and, when it is not, become confused with the effect on chances of rival successors. Current events show the need for immediate consultations between the Parliamentary Labour Party and the National Executive Committee to take place in time for a recommendation to be put to this year's conference.

DAVID BLAKE
Chairman, Hampstead CLP
IAN MARTIN
Chairman, Ilford North CLP
44 Narcissus Road
London NW6

Sir, I should like to question two assumptions which Anthony Howard made in his article 'Conclave or Convention?' (NS 26 March). The first was that if the election of the Labour Party leader is to be made more democratic, party members should be enfranchised as well as the PLP. However, it is widely accepted, Royal Prerogative notwithstanding, that this is also an election for our Prime Minister. Whereas the PLP are at least our democratically elected representatives, the members of the party are not and I see no reason why they should have a part in this process while I cannot. Were it merely a leadership election they could be free to adopt any method, but it is not. The only circumstances which could justify such a system would be if a general election were to follow immediately, so the country could approve or disapprove of the choice.

The second assumption was that the Canadian system is better because it produces younger party leaders. Yet nowhere does Anthony Howard state what the particular advantage of youth is – a matter the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN will no doubt turn his mind to as he grows older.

PETER BAZALGETTE
Cloud End
Aldington, Kent

Sir, You are right to point out the lack of democracy in the Labour Party. Sadly the serf mentality seems to be nearly as widespread in the party as in the community as a whole but you are wrong in saying that this miserable situation has been accepted 'without qualm or question'. Brenda Brett, Ron Heisler, Don MacGregor, Vladimir Derer and other party members formed the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy more than two years ago. The president is Joan Maynard. As the serf mentality is naturally stronger in the conservative wing of the party – which enjoys mass media support as well as almost unlimited financial aid from industry and other sources not available to the Left and the CLPD – our message has taken some time to become more generally known. However our increasing body of supporters includes many individuals, wards and constituency parties. Some MPs have also joined. We intend to make sure that:

(1) There is greater democracy in the selection of Labour parliamentary and local government candidates as well as in the election of future party leaders.

(2) Where a CLP wishes to choose a better candidate or simply to sack the existing candidate this should be made easier. At the moment local parties often have an unpleasant choice. They can soldier on with someone who is against everything they believe in or commit electoral suicide.

(3) The election manifesto and of course a Labour government's actions in office must accurately reflect party policy as expressed by annual conference decisions. We are sick and tired of working for the return of conservative governments even though they carry 'Labour' labels round their necks.

(4) Both before and after selection of candidates we would like to see very much more information available openly about the interests of our parliamentary and local government comrades. If a candidate gets £25,000 from the bookies, runs a property business on the side, or edits a 'socialist' magazine financed by big business or the CIA, other party members should know this.

Annual conference will eventually accept the need for these reforms but in the meantime we have prepared some model rules which could form the basis of a voluntary agreement between CLPs and parliamentary and local government candidates until then. Copies of these together with our current newsletter and other details can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Vladimir Derer, at the address below.

MICHAEL RULE
Campaign for Labour Party Democracy
10 Park Drive
London NW11

Sir, The piece by Paul Johnson 'The Plight of the Left' (NS 19 March) could have been better captioned 'The Plight of Poor Paul'. Surely your readers are worthy of a better explanation of the past, present and future of the *Tribune* group of Labour MPs.

The purpose of the *Tribune*ites seems to be understood in Labour's ranks. Why not by Paul? The messages *Tribune* MPs receive are different from Paul Johnson's. Our purpose is seen as standing for the implementation of Labour Party policies which the Wilson government has been steering away from.

Paul Johnson would appear to have overlooked the not little matter that Parliament for various reasons disowned the Government's swingeing projected public expenditure cuts. Also exposed was the myth that the Government could be defeated on a major matter and still not fall. Quite an important matter unless, like Paul, you believe Labour MPs should simply be lobby fodder. Your readers should be freed from 'strange' assessments by someone who is virtually not known by, or known to more than, three or four of what constitutes the 70-odd paid-up membership of the *Tribune* group.

SYDNEY BIDWELL
House of Commons

Sir, One advantage of 'A Drawn-Out Battle' (NS 26 March) is that it gives some pontiffs, like yourself, the chance to have a second thought. Your first thoughts on the Labour Party leadership contest (NS 19 March) left me too angry to be able to put pen to paper. This week, however, you have partly rehabilitated yourself and, perhaps, succeeded in averting many, like myself, from withholding our allegiance to your journal.

Nevertheless, it is a pity that, before you allow the radical in you to speak, you attempt once again to justify your previous week's position on the ground that Mr Callaghan is the 'non-controversial choice'. In all my 23 years' readership of the NS I would never have believed that I would see the day when your leading article would justify anything, particularly the choice for the leadership of the Labour Party, on the ground of non-controversy. There are many in the field who play that game. You should not attempt to compete with them. It is very unbecoming.

A. A. MOHAJER
2 Hollins Crescent
Harrogate

The Other Election

Sir, More than a month has now elapsed since Alexander Cockburn's initial article on Jimmy Carter appeared (NS 6 February); and, had his predictions then rung true, we could perhaps all have regarded the issue as closed. But as Mr Cockburn was so obviously wrong on that occasion (e.g. 'beat Wallace in Florida . . . he almost certainly cannot'), the whole of his assessment, both then and more recently (NS 12 March) seems highly questionable – assuming, that is, that the voters of New Hampshire and Florida (and Illinois and Vermont and Maine and Oklahoma and South Carolina and Iowa) are not to be regarded as mere media-fodder.

For, despite Mr Cockburn's assertion to the contrary, the 'problem' of Jimmy Carter's Southern origin has clearly proved no handicap among voters in the North: he is perceived by the electorate as a perfectly acceptable presidential candidate, and, come convention time, the party Establishment will find it extremely difficult to overrule the clearly-expressed verdict of the ballot-box. The latest Gallup poll in the *New York Times* shows him to be the leading Democratic contender nationwide, surpassing even Hubert Humphrey in his ability to beat President Ford; and his major victory in Illinois, not only beating handsomely all the other contenders in the 'beauty contest' but also, to everyone's surprise, nearly equalling the formidable Daley machine in the delegate count, must surely remove the stigma of being unable to win a big industrial state, Jackson willing or not. Surely, then, he deserves more serious consideration than your correspondent's subtly blended mixture of geographical determinism, malevolent innuendo and gossip?

Mr Cockburn's attempt to invoke guilt by association – Nixon and Reagan are both from Southern California, Carter is from the South, *ergo* Carter is like Nixon and Reagan – simply will not do. Nor will his attempts to quote arch-segregationist Lester Maddox, whose virulent and spiteful anti-Carter tour through New Hampshire must have gained Carter thousands of votes, and who was chosen as Georgia's Lieutenant-Governor not by Carter but by the primary system.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is also unfortunate that Mr Cockburn should be willing to pass on second-hand some of the ill-founded allegations against Mr Carter without looking at the evidence for himself. Two examples spring to mind: Carter's alleged readiness in 1970 to send in the National Guard with orders to 'shoot to kill' in the event of campus unrest is a complete fabrication: his campaign promise was to use them only as a last resort and only when present himself to take full responsibility. In fact during his term as Governor, for the first time in over a decade, not one National Guardsman was called out to restore civil order. Secondly, the alleged compliment to George Wallace in a 1972 letter to a constituent proved on closer scrutiny to have been an unfortunate choice of words by a campaign worker, and was never cleared by Carter. The letter came to light, in fact, after a long search by a hostile journalist, only made possible by Carter's insistence on unprecedented public access to the complete correspondence of his Administration.

Most worrying of all, however, is Cockburn's apparent misreading of the electorate's concern this year. The country is bruised by the débâcles of the Federal Government over the last ten years; they want not only to hear 'issues' – about which all the candidates are talking at great length – but to see someone who can actually carry out his intention. In this, Mr Carter's impressive and proven ability to communicate directly with voters has clearly enabled him to break through the initial barrier of mistrust; though his ability to cooperate with Congress and the Democratic Establishment once elected evidently remains an open question. But the electorate, at least so far, seem to have reached a conclusion that Mr Cockburn totally rules out – that Mr Carter's 'contagious smile' and 'brew reeking of love and candour' might actually be made of genuine ingredients.

STEPHEN LOCKE
J. F. Kennedy Scholar, 1975-6
HUGH THOMPSON
J. Hodges Choate Memorial Fellow, 1975-6
A24 Winthrop House
Harvard University
Cambridge
Massachusetts

Down with Hypocorisms

Sir, Could we in future have rather fewer of these cosy hypocorisms in your pages? 'Dick' Crossman, Crucifer keeps saying. Now, Crucifer may have known Richard Crossman personally, and have addressed him as 'Dick', and have so always referred to him among mutual friends. But *I* didn't and nor, I suspect, did most readers of the NS. Crucifer, in fact, like many other journalists in many other places, is simply indulging in a tiresome form of name-dropping.

And oh, yes: while we're on this subject of hypocorisms, may I ask the hospitality of your columns to beg politicians and other public figures (Labour politicians and trade union leaders in particular, I'm afraid) to cease referring to themselves in public by abbreviated forms of their Christian names – for example, as Alf, Ted, Joe, Vic etc. No doubt they hope that in so doing they will endear themselves to us by persuading us that they are just jolly, ordinary chaps like all the rest of us and no more a menace than so many wood-warblers. If so, their hopes, in one instance at least, are doomed to disappointment.

EDMUND CRISPIN
Week Meadow
Higher Week
Dartington
Devon

Miracle Cures

Sir, Thomas M. Parker (NS 26 March) gives two traditional arguments for belief in the Fagan miracle cure – that doctors 'had no natural explanation to offer', which 'most people would consider fairly convincing evidence'; and that disbelief in miracles is based on 'panic', 'dogma', 'credulity' and 'faith' rather than on rational considerations.

Let me give the two traditional answers – that negative evidence about a natural explanation, even from the most reliable witnesses, is not sufficient to justify belief in a supernatural explanation rather than in some other natural explanation, especially for such a well-known phenomenon as spontaneous remission of cancer; and that rational considerations still lead to the view which was put by Hume two centuries ago: 'No testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish.'

Which is more probable – that Fagan was naturally cured by some normal physiological and/or psychological process which is not yet understood by doctors, or that he was supernaturally cured by the intervention of a divine being following the intercession of a dead saint as understood by priests? It is surely a matter not of being dogmatically sceptical or materialistic, but of being empirically scientific and rational, which causes most people to doubt the probability of a miracle cure.

NICOLAS WALTER
Rationalist Press Association
88 Islington High Street
London N1

Words and Meanings

Sir, The trouble with the pick-'em-up-there prescriptivism of Kingsley Amis (NS 12 March) is that it rewrites linguistic history to accord with the whim of its sergeant-major. There was a time, the argument runs, when English was a language spoken by English chaps to other English chaps, and you could always follow what the other fellow was driving at. Then along came nasty chaps, politicians for instance, who mucked the language around so much that ordinary chaps thought they meant one thing, whereas in fact they meant another. Thus, '*disinterested* . . . can no longer be used in its original, unparaphrasable sense without risk of confusion'. Note the implications of that 'original'. If Mr Amis consults his *OED*, he will learn that the 'original' sense of 'disinterested' was in fact the present sense of 'uninterested'; and conversely, the 'original' sense of 'uninterested' was the present (ignored and lamented) sense of 'disinterested'. Things are simply more complicated than Mr Amis wishes them to be; his use of 'original' needs to be glossed as 'referring to a time when I was young', which seems to impose unnecessary ambiguity on an already burdened adjective.

S. C. JOB
67 Corbyn Street
London N4

Not Half

Sir, The *Daily Mirror*, says Tom Baistow (NS 26 March), is the one daily 'that has consistently, if half-heartedly, backed Labour'. Half-heartedly? Half-heartedly in the last two elections? Is Mr Baistow's memory so very short? The usual reproach is that we were too committed.

DERYCK WINTERTON
Chief Leader Writer
Daily Mirror
London EC1

About Oxford Books

Surviving the death camps

'My subject is survival, the capacity of men and women to live beneath the pressure of protracted crisis, to sustain terrible damage in mind and body and yet *be there, sane, alive, still human.*
I am not directly concerned with the concentration camps, but with the people who suffered those places, who endured that evil and returned to bear witness.'
Thus Terrence Des Pres begins his *important, original study* **The Survivor**, £4. He uses first-hand accounts of inmates of Hitler's and Stalin's concentration camps – the small minority who came through – as a means of investigating the structure of survival. Taking issue with *behaviourist and psychoanalytic interpretations* of the survivor's ordeal, he concludes that in extremity men and women fall back on fixed patterns of behaviour rooted in their biological nature. He shows that, contrary to the *general belief, life in the camps was* intensely social: survival depended on preserving an active sense of conscience and dignity; on innumerable small acts of help and sharing, and, at every level of camp existence, on collective forms of resistance. That such behaviour was *typical* in places like Auschwitz and Buchenwald radically undermines the assumption that in extreme situations individuals behave 'like sheep'. On the contrary, Terrence Des Pres establishes a specific connection between staying alive and staying human. What emerges from his book is a picture of man stubbornly equal to the worst that can happen.

17th-century Europe: a new look

Historians have argued over the 'crisis' of seventeenth-century Europe for decades. In **The Struggle for Stability in Early Modern Europe** (£3.50, Oxford Paperbacks £1.50) Theodore K. Rabb assesses the controversy and offers a new interpretation of the period between 1500 and 1700. He examines political, social, economic, demographic, and intellectual developments, and shows – with the help of reproductions of paintings by Brueghel, Titian, El Greco, Rubens, and Velasquez among others – how painters, writers, and scientists, no less than rulers and generals, reflected the change that is his main theme, the shift from belligerence to restraint, from upheaval to calm.

Science and the media

Awareness of science and its possible consequences is highly desirable, not only as part of our cultural background, but also as an important factor in arriving at informed decisions. In **Science and the Media**, £3.50, Peter Farago looks at the work of the science journalist, whose job it is to promote awareness by using the technical resources of the medium he works in. He analyses the social, economic, and technical challenges that successful communications must overcome, and suggests ways in which the flow of scientific information towards the general public could be improved. The core of his argument is a plea for a change in some of our attitudes towards science, and for the acceptance, in a real sense, of science as an outstanding part of our cultural heritage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & ARTS

Christopher Hill

Not Wholly Roman

The English Catholic Community 1570-1850
by JOHN BOSSY *Darton Longman & Todd*
£12.00

Histories of Catholicism in England have often tended to make it appear doubly alien to the main stream of English history. They tell us of an inturned minority, opposed to the civilisation in which they found themselves, yet conscious of being part of an international church whose main strength is outside England. Dr Bossy's is a very different picture. 'For the centuries with which I am concerned,' he writes,

> the Catholic community ought properly to be considered a branch of the English nonconforming tradition. If the book has one particular thing to say, that is it . . . I consider Englishmen, between the 16th and 19th centuries, as being divided for religious purposes not into Protestants and Catholics, but into Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Fifth-Monarchy men, Quakers, Unitarians, Methodists of various colours, Jews and a good deal more.

This approach involves a very far-reaching reassessment of the whole history of Catholicism in England. We should not, Dr Bossy argues, look for continuity between the mediaeval church in England and the modern Catholic community. We should see the former as having died in the early 16th century, the latter being created as a minority sect by the mission of Jesuits and others from the late 16th century. The martyrs who loom so large in conventional histories of English Catholicism receive only perfunctory and incidental mention in Dr Bossy's narrative. The Jesuit mission, in his view, got to grips with the real problem only when it abandoned the hope of the reconversion of England and settled for minority status.

Catholicism in England during the centuries which this book covers, Dr Bossy believes, depended for survival on the support of a section of the gentry. Whatever their theological reverence for the clergy as a caste apart, the English Catholic gentry were not immune from the tendencies in society which pushed their Protestant contemporaries into anti-clericalism. Many of them acquired monastic lands; they had no more wish than their Protestant fellows to see them restored to the church:

> All in all, they were better off controlling the destinies of a minority sect in a country dominated by their Protestant counterparts than playing second fiddle in a uniform society of the Catholic clergy's devising.

Loyalty to the monarch, the keystone of the social arch, was unlikely to be challenged by a gentleman at the bidding of his chaplain, the priest whom he employed as he might employ a lawyer, to perform technical services. A Catholic gentleman had a financial control over the priest whom he chose and maintained as great as that to which any Puritan gentleman could aspire. The Jesuits, who originally spearheaded the older conception of continuity with the mediaeval church, switched in the 17th century to acceptance of Catholicism as a gentry-dominated minority sect.

Dr Bossy's denial of real continuity between the mediaeval church and the Catholic community leads him to reject the idea of a 'dwindling minority'. He sees numbers rising from perhaps 40,000 in the early 17th century to some 80,000 in the late 18th, with a stable plateau in the second half of the 17th century. The number of priests, on the other hand, rose steadily to a peak of some 750 by 1640. It remained above 650 until about 1700, after which it declined to under 400 in 1770 – a figure comparable to that of 1600. This fact, together with the real or alleged pro-papist proclivities of Charles I, Charles II and James II, accounts for what sometimes seem the exaggerated fears of Catholicism felt by many Englishmen in the mid-17th century. During the peak period of clerical numbers, priests were drawn overwhelmingly from the gentry, thus reinforcing the latter's control over the community.

Dr Bossy gives an interesting survey of our present knowledge of the geography of the Catholic community. He writes at the right time, as he generously points out: 'the revolution in English local archives' has shifted our vision from the centre to the locality, and so made possible sociological generalisations which escaped the older, more antiquarian tradition of research. The community was strong in the north, except in the clothing areas of the West Riding and of Lancashire, and in the mining regions. 'Any sort of sustained industrial development in the north was a practically absolute barrier to the persistence of Catholicism.' The community was strong on the Welsh borders, though not in the highland interior of Wales, or in south-western England. In the south and east, Catholic communities existed in pockets in the less accessible, more wooded and less densely populated areas.

Gentry dominance long ensured a static community: missionary opportunities were greater in the north and west, but there were fewer rich Catholics there to finance them. Many priests were household chaplains first and servants of the community only in the second place. The Catholic gentry in general were unenthusiastic about proselytising, since this would rouse Protestant hostility: for the same reason they gave a low priority to schools. Consequently

> the gentry, and to some extent their immediate dependents, received the full impact of the reformed Catholicism of the counter-Reformation, while the rest of the community, short of instruction and sacramental provision, was allowed to tick over at the level of traditionalist practice suitable to a pre-literate mentality.

Catholic religious practices followed – with a time-lag – those of Protestants in succumbing to the pressures of an increasingly industrial society. Observance of saints' days was gradually reduced: Sunday, the weekly day of rest, correspondingly gained in importance. In the 18th century the pace of change accelerated. The industrial revolution brought lower-class Catholics as well as Protestants into towns, and created a new Catholic middle class. In the long run

> the industrial revolution was a blessing to the Catholic clergy. It helped to shake up the Catholic community to a degree which made a continuance of gentry rule impossible.

Dr Bossy polemicises with those historians who attribute the greatest share in this transformation to Irish immigration. He sees an independent process at work within the English Catholic community as the new middle and professional class thrown up by the industrial revolution aspired to greater participation in controlling congregations – 'an attempt to adapt for the Catholic community a model which had served the Protestant dissenting bodies since 1689'.

The failure of this movement led to a clerical triumph and 'a conscious decision to reject the English language as a vehicle of public prayers in the community'. Many of the historical legends which Dr Bossy is trying to dispel were fostered after this clerical victory by romantic-mediaevalist ex-Anglican theorists who rejected the idea of the Catholic community as a branch of the English dissenting tradition, and revived claims

> whose abandonment, it has been argued, was the first condition of the existence of this community: that there was and always had been one church in England, which was Roman and Catholic.

So we return to our starting point. Dr Bossy's history is also a tract for the times which will, I suspect, give offence in some circles. To me it seems to transform the history of English Catholicism from something hole-and-corner and provincial, whose English roots were severed in the 16th century, and to stake a claim for the Catholic community as totally involved in the history of England. Dr Bossy perhaps made his task easier by stopping when he did, with the victory of ultra-montane clericalism. He tends perhaps just a little to idealise the middle-class Catholics whom he sees at the beginning of the 19th century poised to take over the community from gentry control; but he is right to draw attention to them and to the parallels between their aspirations and those of the rulers of Protestant dissent.

Nevertheless, on one point to which Dr Bossy clearly attaches significance I cannot go with him. He wishes to abolish the view which places Catholicism at one end of a spectrum, to the right of the Anglican church, with Quakerism at the other end. Dr Bossy suggests affinities between Catholics and Quakers, and would divide English dissent into a Protestant and a non-Protestant segment, the latter including Catholics, Quakers and Unitarians. This seems to me really to do violence to history.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr Bossy is anxious to play down the antithesis between Protestants and Catholics, but during the period of which he writes most Englishmen, I suspect, would have disagreed with him. Anti-popery united all brands of Protestant dissenters, down to the period when Frederick the Great was an improbable Protestant hero. Nor do I know of any evidence for feelings of affinity between Catholics, Quakers and Unitarians. Sociologically, as Dr Bossy interestingly argues, a case can just be made out for treating the Catholic community as one more dissenting sect. But he seems to me to spoil a good case by trying to prove too much.

Nevertheless, this remains a noble book. It is rare to read anything which combines professional expertise, originality of perception and historical passion in equal proportions. No one can read it without feeling differently about English history in consequence. Dr Bossy must be saluted as a major historian.

Arthur Hopcraft

Bread Lines

World of Hunger by JONATHAN POWER and ANNE-MARIE HOLENSTEIN *Temple Smith* £4.00 and £1.95

The Poor of the Earth by JOHN COLE *Macmillan* £7.95 and £2.95

By Bread Alone by LESTER R. BROWN with ERIK P. EKHOLM *Pergamon* £4.50 and £2.50

It is possible to be an alarmist about the world's food supplies. Is it also possible to alarm? Let's hope so. The trouble with prophecies of doom is that when challenged for proof the prophet can only say: 'Wait and see.' (It may take him 100,000 words, not to mention the graphs, but that is essentially his stance.) The merit of all of these books is that they do not assume the world won't change its ways. Nor do they assume otherwise; none of the authors has that much optimism. But in striving to be practical, and particular, they present the problem in very human terms – that is, they remind us the problem *is* of people, whether politicians or dirt farmers or silken Mister Fixits. They agree on the prime importance of will.

This does not mean, of course, that a quarter of the world's population is living in a misery of hunger and hopelessness because they can't be bothered to do something about it. The tragedy of some people's lives is others' indifference, not their own. And that, mostly, is the point. It is true that the starving communities of Asia, Africa and South America could help themselves by practising much more contraception, as the West kept telling them vociferously for years and now nags, appropriately, like a tired wife thinking, if only . . . Poverty begets, and extreme poverty begets extremely. It is a sad and irreversible fact; and anyone who objects that the birth of a child can

Arthur Koestler

The Thirteenth Tribe

The Khazar Empire and its Heritage

Once again Arthur Koestler breaks new ground. Turning his attention to an historical subject, he reveals the same meticulous scholarship and bold iconoclasm that have characterized his work in so many different fields.

What role did the ancient Khazar Empire play in the power struggle for Eastern Europe? Flanked by the world powers of Byzantium and Islam, the Khazars became the third force of their day. They chose an unexpected method of resisting the Western pressure to become Christian, and the Eastern to adopt Islam. Rejecting both they converted to Judaism.

Koestler's study of this remote people, their extraordinary history and their ultimate fate leads him to speculate about their impact on the racial composition and social heritage of modern Jewry. His conclusions – sober, restrained yet revolutionary – challenge all accepted theories about the origins of the Jews of the western world.

'I have now read it from end to end with immense interest, surprise and growing conviction.'
C. V. Wedgwood

The Thirteenth Tribe will be published by Hutchinson on Monday at £4.75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never be sad might like to note that there were 40 million abortions in the world last year, and there will be the same number again this year.

Yet the growth in world population must be slowed, if any kind of realistic strategy for assuring food supplies can be contemplated. It may be impossible in the areas where it most needs to succeed until many other things happen: millions of more jobs providing incomes for basic family living, so leading to more secure health, so ensuring that more children actually survive into adulthood, so reducing the number of babies thought *necessary*. But as Brown and Eckholm point out, since we accept that we are now deeply worried about the adequacy of food supplies globally we have also to recognise that every extra mouth added to an industrial country puts three, four or five times the pressure on the earth's resources as does an extra birth in a developing country. Population control is not someone else's responsibility, from wherever it is viewed.

All three books are fashionably gloomy about politicians; also, it seems, justifiably so. Political decision, and indecision, can kill as many people from starvation as drought can. Famine arises from the prohibitive price of food, as well as from its scarcity, and the two factors need not always go hand in hand unless some people wish them to. Inequality is more to do with distribution than production. The industrial nations, suffering from trade recession, cut their aid to the developing countries; but for reasons of prudent housekeeping or of prudent domestic politics? And if food supplies *are* a global problem, shouldn't aid for agricultural production keep its priority everywhere and at all times?

The World Bank has estimated (according to Power and Holenstein) that the 700 million or so of the world's poorest small farmers and landless peasants, the ones perpetually threatened by hunger, need the help of 100 billion dollars over the next ten years to increase their food production by 5 per cent annually. It is believed that such an improvement could head off a succession of likely crises; but 'despite all the evidence . . . no rich country was prepared publicly to make new and significant commitments'. During the same conference at which this caution was observed – in Rome, November 1974 – the British Minister of Agriculture, Fred Peart, 'spoke of his worry of increasing malnutrition in Britain and went on to tell his Press conference that he wanted the British to eat more'. The last few lines of *By Bread Alone* may usefully be quoted here:

> We delude ourselves if we think the years ahead will be easy. At best they will be traumatic, and they could be catastrophic . . . This will require of our generation a level of leadership, understanding, and generosity of spirit that few past generations have been called upon to supply.

John Mortimer

Can Be Choosers

A Lasting Relationship: Homosexuals and Society by JEREMY SEABROOK *Allen Lane* £4.50

To live through a slice of this century is to observe a change of sexual attitudes as revolutionary as the invention of the jet engine or the discovery of television. I suppose when I went to boarding school in the early Thirties it was as near to the Wilde trial as it is far from *Gay News*. The judge at the Old Bailey sentenced Wilde for what he considered to be the most dreadful crime he had ever had to try, in a lifetime dealing with rape, murder and grievous bodily harm. And yet the middle-class schoolboy grew up in a world that was almost dedicated to homosexuality. It was, after all, in the formative years of those who suffered a posh, and therefore segregated, education, the only sex on offer.

When I went to Oxford the ghosts of Wilde and the cheerful sodomising of the Waugh diaries lingered on. Homosexuality was considered socially desirable, and the ornate and famous figures of the time were reputed to sit stark naked drinking champagne and listening to Verdi's *Requiem*. There was not much mention of girls. It's true that the post-war, early Kingsley Amis period put an end to all that nonsense: but no one as far as I can remember thought of homosexuality as though it were some rare complaint, like spasticity or multiple sclerosis. From the fourth-form Harrovian who'd go to bed with anyone for a box of Cadbury's Milk Tray to the old family solicitor who told me that at a country house weekend the host came to him while all the other guests were at Oxford fair and said, 'My dear boy, would it be too much trouble to bugger me?', I had assumed homosexuals were much like us, some faithful, some promiscuous, some cheerful, others gloomy. I was only surprised when those wise parliamentarians who passed the Sexual Offences Act found that a homosexual's age of consent was, for some unknown biological reason, five years later than the rest of mankind, and that he was meant to remain virginal up to his 21st birthday on pain of imprisonment. That weird provision I attributed, however, to the general dottiness which overtakes MPs whenever they are required to legislate on any subject remotely connected with sex.

So after a lifetime spent on equal terms with passionate schoolmasters, bachelor judges and male television directors who seem to live perfectly normal and domesticated lives with middle-aged gentlemen from the art department, it came as something of a shock to be presented with a book which seems to suggest that homosexuals are a race apart. Mr Jeremy Seabrook's *A Lasting Relationship* has a cover on which two young men are seen hand in hand, with their backs to the camera, walking briskly away from us. They are adopting the pose of those lesbians who, some years ago on telly, used to murmur out of the shadows while the late James Mossman interviewed them in tones of whispered concern. (The fact that almost all the lesbians I have known have been cheerful, extrovert and perfectly contented with their lot did little to detract from the effectiveness of this visual image.)

Going no further than the dust cover, we read the subtitle to Mr Seabrook's volume: 'Homosexuals and Society'. It's the 'and Society' that should provide the warning . . . add 'and Society' and any class of human beings from Chinese waiters to topless go-go girls tend to become a statistic, a position on a graph, at best a pathetic and poignant voice on the end of the author's tape recorder. The class of individuals must, if it is to fit into a book such as this, be subject to a theory – and this Mr Seabrook provides in his preface. Or rather he provides two theories.

The first derives from a visit to Blackburn during which Mr Seabrook was puzzled to find that the inhabitants of that city no longer had a sense of 'belonging' to Blackburn. We have all lost, he feels, the sense of place and community, so for the scattered and diverse homosexuals of England the gay world provides a sense of location, a kind of spiritual and sexual Blackburn. His other theory is, naturally enough in such a serious social study, political and economic. The capitalist West produces a vast surplus of consumer goods, says Mr Seabrook, and

> the homosexual world has fallen victim to this inexorable development and in fact represents a heightened or caricatured version of it. In the gay world the influences of the new economic necessity are more naked in their exploitive barbarism.

This would seem to mean that we liberate the gay world only so that we can sell them more beads, gold identity bracelets and hip-hugging Brutus jeans. It ignores the fact that the greatest sucker for this kind of gear is the middle-aged womaniser, in the vain search of a youthful image; and have not the fortunes of Biba and Mary Quant been founded on the barbarism of perfectly heterosexual young ladies?

In dedicated pursuance of these ideas, however, Mr Seabrook takes his tape recorder round to a large number of homosexuals, records their dialogue and describes what I suppose anyone studying the subject 'in depth' would call their 'life style'. So fixed on glass slides, small, colourful and remote lie the homosexuals for us to gaze upon. And just as nothing gives so inaccurate a picture as a photograph, nothing sounds so contrived as accurately recorded dialogue. Some of it, of course, is very funny, as in the exchanges of a foursome in Windermere Avenue bitching each other over the Mateus Rosé. Some of it, such as the reminiscences of a 60-year-old who has never really lived, is poignant and sad. But although Mr Seabrook clearly wants to be sympathetic to the gay world, which may not need his sympathy, he contrives to make most of his characters sound ridiculous, or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more ridiculous than other people. So when a clerk and the manager of a wine store live together in the Midlands, Mr Seabrook notes the rolls of fat which spill over their weekend jeans – as though that sad sign of middle age were not shared even by fathers of six. When there is a happy and stable relationship which has lasted for 27 years, the decor of the household is made to sound faintly absurd and the relationship is said to 'faithfully copy and ironically deform' the institution of marriage, because the couple complain to third parties. As if we all didn't.

In fact happiness is not really possible in this book because it doesn't fit in with the social theory Mr Seabrook restates in his epilogue:

> A society that permits . . . the expression of sexuality because it can be harnessed for the gain of others may well prove to be an exploitation as damaging . . . as the mines and mills of the 19th century.

Of course the bone-headed inequalities of the Sexual Offences Act should be ironed out, and of course everyone should be as unsurprised by homosexuality as we were at school; but I seriously wonder whether anyone, homo or hetero, pauses in the moment of orgasm to worry if they are being exploited by the permissive society. Puritanism can have a crippling effect on our necessary hunt for happiness, but so, surely, can works of sociology. Perhaps the two young men retreating on the cover of this book are just creeping away from it to have a good time.

Andrew Roberts

Waste that Kills

From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe by LAWRENCE VAMBE *Heinemann* £6.50
The Last Bunker by GUY ARNOLD *Quartet* £5.50
The Critical Phase in Tanzania, 1945-68 by CRANFORD PRATT *Cambridge* £7.50
Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia by FERGUS MACPHERSON *Oxford* £5.00 and £3.20

Over ten years ago, just before UDI, Nathan Shamuyarira published *Crisis in Rhodesia*, an illuminating compound of memoir and history by a leading African nationalist. Since then, much blood and ink has flowed; yet there is still no adequate academic introduction to the history of Rhodesia, while we still know too little about the African experience there. It is thus very good to have this new book by Lawrence Vambe, who preceded Shamuyarira as editor-in-chief of African Newspapers in Salisbury. In *An Ill-Fated People* (1972) Vambe traced the history of his own people, the VaShawasha, as far as his boyhood in the 1920s; he now continues by weaving his own life-story into the history of his country.

We meet some remarkable men and women. There is grandmother Madzidza, in whose sharp tongue the spirit of the 1896 revolt lived on. There are young Vambe's teachers, the stern Jesuit fathers and Dominican nuns of Chishawasha mission; they made white civilisation seem 'the most attractive system in the world', but maintained a 'fearful silence' on the racial injustice which grew apace outside the charmed circle of the mission. With Matthew Zwimba, founder of the White Bird Church, and Charles Mzingeli, the pioneer labour leader, we move into territory already charted by Terence Ranger's researches in the archives, but Vambe provides first-hand impressions, and new insights into the depressing story of Mzingeli's lonely later career.

In 1946 Vambe began work as a journalist in Salisbury; he soon found that his best stories were on his own doorstep, in the 'native location' of Harare. These pages are the most precious part of the book. Whites have done their best to close their eyes to such ghettoes, but it is perhaps there that the future of Zimbabwe will be decided. By sketching several Harare characters – the head of the black police, the champion cyclist, the militant waiter, the *skokiaan* queen – Vambe vividly illustrates various paths to survival in a warped community starved of women and drugged by drink.

It is the waste which angers Lawrence Vambe: the waste of human skills and virtues compelled by a racist society. He would not claim to be a 'radical'; he has no quarrel with capitalism and can even, magnanimously, bring himself to call Godfrey Huggins 'a man of vision'. Vambe had hopes of 'partnership' and served the Federation as a press attaché in London; on resigning in 1962, he worked for Anglo American and later started his own business in London. But at every turn he has seen white Rhodesia block the advance of Africans who simply wanted to join the bourgeoisie. No wonder, now, if the racists' dismissal of African aspirations as 'Communism' becomes self-fulfilling prophecy. Two minor cavils: there are no maps to help the non-Africanist reader (indeed, a map of Harare could itself be a contribution to scholarship), and to say that in 1953 African Newspapers was 'the one institution in all central Africa where there were concrete signs of interracial cooperation' is to forget that other island of sanity, the Central African Broadcasting Station in Lusaka.

The blurb of *The Last Bunker* is more accurate than the sub-title: it is not a 'report on white South Africa today' but the first attempt to survey the whole of southern Africa since Portugal's retreat from empire in 1974. Guy Arnold, a former director of the Africa Bureau, examines the relations between the white supremacies, black Africa and the West (not forgetting Japan) between UDI and early 1975. He places due stress on the value of South Africa's cheap black labour to the capitalist world and can therefore see no prospect of international action to forestall a bloodbath: he writes bitterly of 'the so-called Left in Britain's public life'. As a lucid and realistic appraisal of events, the book will appeal to a wide circle of readers, not least in Africa. It should quickly go into paperback, and that will be a chance to correct various signs of hasty production, such as a missing line on the contents page.

No two men have worked harder to prevent war in southern Africa than the Presidents of Zambia and Tanzania. Yet none are more fiercely opposed to racism, while Nyerere is the only national leader in English-speaking Africa who has made a determined effort to build a socialist society independent of any power-bloc. He is by no means an orthodox Marxist: he is a Roman Catholic, and at the same time is perhaps more deeply committed than any other Tanzanian leader to the democratic traditions of the West. Cranford Pratt, a Canadian who was the first principal of the University College in Dar es Salaam, offers an admiring if scholarly analysis of Nyerere's thought from the last years of colonial rule to the Arusha Declaration in 1967, and relates this to the main economic and political changes of the period. He argues that in so far as Nyerere approves coercion in the campaign for communal farming it is 'an expression of an impatient nationalism, not a coercive socialism'. Professor Pratt is clearly unhappy about the authoritarian tendencies in the ruling party, TANU, but he would have thrown more light on Nyerere's place in the party if he had told us more about Nyerere's senior colleagues, few of whom share his familiarity with highbrow English culture. Nyerere's own splendidly articulate voice should not mislead us into exaggerating his influence within Tanzania: the man is not the nation, nor does he wish to be.

Kenneth Kaunda lacks Nyerere's gift for pithy prose; more important, he has no such clear-cut ideology. Despite various measures of nationalisation, Zambia's copper-based economy remains essentially capitalist, and Kaunda's very personal philosophy of 'Humanism' offers no serious challenge. Besides, Zambia lacks an African *lingua franca* transcending regional divisions: the growth of socialism and class-consciousness in Tanzania owes much to the prevalence of Swahili as a national language. This first

70 Years of Everyman 1906 — 1976

The 1,000th work under the Everyman imprint

Johnson on Johnson

Edited, with an introduction and commentary by

JOHN WAIN

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was the very first Everyman volume in 1906. Now John Wain has found, in Johnson's essays, travel writings, letters and poems, a shadowy autobiography — Johnson's own story in his own words. This anthology is the most fitting way imaginable to bring the famous Everyman series full circle.

£4·50

DENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full-length biography of Kaunda stops well short of tackling such questions: instead, it provides a detailed and well-documented narrative of Kaunda's career up to Independence in 1964. The author had privileged access to private and party papers, for this work was officially commissioned and borders on hagiography. Yet Mr Macpherson's devotion to his subject is unforced: he once worked as a missionary at the remote bush station where Kaunda grew up, and he has seen for himself the efforts of his hero to free Zambia, not only from colonial rule and racial oppression. Photographs, popular songs and fiery extracts from the *Voice of UNIP* evoke the heady days of Cha Cha Cha – a cultural revival as well as a political campaign. Since then, Kaunda has sought to end Zambia's dependence on the white supremacists to the south. A foreword by his friend Julius Nyerere expresses Tanzania's gratitude for his courageous leadership.

Alethea Hayter

Chattertonians

The Young Romantics: Paris 1827-37 by LINDA KELLY *Bodley Head* £3.75

The recent biographical fashion for conversation pieces rather than individual portraits, for exhibiting groups of the famous at a given moment rather than full-length lifelong likenesses of one celebrated figure, is an appropriate one for the 'Young Romantics' whom Linda Kelly presents in this lively sketch. Her foreground figures are Victor Hugo and his wife, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, Dumas *père*, Alfred de Musset, George Sand; and her chosen decade covers the Romantic assault on and capture of the citadel of literary renown in Paris. The complex and exhilarating story of raptures and disillusions, excessive adulations and equally excessive resentments, of factions, intrigues, scandals and treacheries, is very readably narrated, and even the occasional cliché ('the mark of power was on that brow') fits well enough into a description of such histrionic goings-on. The emphasis of this short book is on personal relationships between the French Romantics, on their growing and fading passions and admirations for each other, and perhaps Linda Kelly has not allowed herself quite enough room to establish the birth, life and death of such intense and intricate emotions; it might have been better to concentrate more on the imbroglio of Victor and Adèle Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, which she has chosen as her framework, and not to have also built in the often-told story of George Sand and Alfred de Musset.

But anyone writing about this group has one great advantage for shaping the theme – the Romantics' concentration in Paris in a tight tangle of cabals and coteries that lived and met daily within a few square miles. A similar study of their predecessors, the English Romantics, in the ten previous years would have to stretch from Grasmere to Missolonghi, from Highgate to Lerici, from Abbotsford to Rome. The French Romantics were not a single unified group – Hugo's 'Cénacle' did not hold together for long – but they were in constant touch, coalescing and rebounding furiously like the luminous particles seen through a marine biologist's microscope. This book suggests that their energy – which was prodigious, imparting breathless excitement to the evening meetings of the Cénacle, which were sustained only by cups of weak tea ('you had to be all soul when you went there, and leave your stomach in the hall,' commented one visitor) – was mainly self-generated; little is made of any influence on them of English or German Romanticism, though many of their attitudes are unmistakably Byronic – the Byron of *Lara* and *Childe Harold*, not the mocking plain-spoken Byron of *Don Juan* and the Letters; most of the French Romantics took themselves with portentous seriousness. They loved to see themselves as the martyrs of art, persecuted by the grasping materialistic world. After the successful first night of Vigny's play *Chatterton*, the poet's friends threw themselves on his neck in floods of tears, babbling their incoherent enthusiasm; 'they also had shared the martyrdom I had written about,' explained Vigny.

The English influence which the Romantics did acknowledge – though scarcely exemplify – was Shakespeare, the Shakespeare revealed to them when Charles Kemble and Harriet Smithson performed *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* in Paris in 1827; and it was in the theatre that the French Romanticism of this book reached its climax, and seemed to its supporters to have obliterated the detested classical tradition in the French theatre; a group of them were reported to have danced, to shouts of 'Bury Racine!' round the statue of the poet in the Théâtre Français after the first night of Dumas's *Henri III et sa cour*.

The most vivid and entertaining sections of the book (beginning with the splendid jacket illustration of the '*bataille d'Hernani*') are those which describe the triumphs and fiascos of the Romantic drama. The fury of the classicists, the caprices of censorship, the rivalries of leading ladies, the careful orchestration of claques and publicity campaigns, produced off-stage dramas which now seem far more enthralling than the on-stage *Marion de Lorme* or *La Tour de Nesle*. The queens of the Paris theatre, Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle George, provide some splendid anecdotes – Mademoiselle Mars arguing with Victor Hugo at a rehearsal about a line of his which she wished to change, trying to upstage a too-successful rival, adding a bird of paradise to an already astounding turban to wear in the part of a street-walker; Mademoiselle George receiving callers in her bath, but having to leave the stage in mid-performance because her stays had been laced too tight.

But this book is not just a medley of anecdotes. Linda Kelly has diligently ransacked contemporary memoirs and letters, and has attempted an analysis of the poetic impulses and sexual raptures and tragedies of an exceptionally interesting group of creative artists (though not quite, as she claims, the brightest constellation in the European sky since the Renaissance). If the subject is rather too complex for this impressionistic sketch of it, the presentation is attractive, and *The Young Romantics* will be an appetiser for English readers who are tempted to embark on a diet of French Romanticism.

Eric Partridge

He's the Cham

Johnson on Johnson introduced and edited by JOHN WAIN *Dent* £4.50

The first volume published in Dent's 'Everyman's Library', founded by J. M. Dent in 1906, was Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: the thousandth is John Wain's attractive, erudite, appreciative and copious selection of the self-revelations made by the Great Cham, a nickname bestowed by Smollett. It rightly deals also with Ursa Major, the nickname bestowed by Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, for Dr Johnson often concealed his kindliness, generosity and warmheartedness under a gruff manner. This scrupulous selection and the introduction are, like the commentary, what we expected from someone who is as good a critic as he is a sturdily independent poet.

Almost as much author as editor, John Wain draws his material from 'the personal and autobiographical writings': letters, the formal journals, the remarkable and sometimes almost intolerably moving prayers, the other revelations here and there, but no autobiography. Johnson was no exhibitionist and few of his letters are intimate. He did not, for he could not, bring himself to 'tell all'; no soul-spiller, no relater of the innate weaknesses, at once pitiable and trivial, of the mere fact of growing up and then growing down. Even the two quarto volumes, and lesser material, destroyed by Johnson very shortly before his death, may have proved to be a sad disappointment to the intimacy-hunters and the scandal-scavengers. In public he avoided the false humility of the unholier-than-thou as firmly as he eschewed self-pity and detested braggartry and arrogance. He was a modest man; a man of tremendous moral, and notable physical, courage; forthright and outspoken, yet never boorish or cruel, though sometimes testy and occasionally tetchy; possessing abundant commonsense and – the contemporary euphemism for wisdom – good sense, as well as exceptional intelligence; an almost inveterate moraliser, not in the vein of a Tupper, a Smiles or an A. C. Benson, but in that of Donne and the more savage, less subtle, Juvenal.

The valuable chronological table, the 'Who's Who' of incidental characters, the detailed contents and the editor's own commentary render index and footnotes entirely unnecessary. My only animadversion is a trivial one: that John Wain makes no reference to the invaluable work done by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late L. F. Powell in his magnificent recension of Birkbeck Hill's famous 1887 edition of Boswell's *Life*. The introduction is an exemplar of its kind, so sympathetic as to attain empathy; and the same holds for the skilful and unobtrusive commentary, which not merely illuminates the text but invests it with an easy continuity.

Tim Jeal

African King

Albert Schweitzer by JAMES BRABAZON
Gollancz £6.95

In the preface of his biography of Schweitzer, James Brabazon announces that he intends to 'discover which were right, those who were "for" him or those who were "against" him'. Fortunately, Brabazon does not carry out his threat to give extensive coverage to the arguments of these warring factions, but instead devotes most of his 472 pages to the man himself. The result is an intelligent, conscientious and perceptive portrait – too partisan at times, and lacking the documentation to be definitive, but nonetheless the best biography of Schweitzer to date.

Schweitzer was too many-sided to be easy to write about. Before his departure for West Africa at the age of 38, he already held doctorates in philosophy, theology and medicine, had been the principal of a Strasbourg theological college, had gained a wide reputation as an organist and expert on organ-building, and had written seven published books. Brabazon argues persuasively that Schweitzer's momentous decision to turn his back on his former achievements and go to Africa as a doctor had nothing to do with masochistic self-denial. 'No one,' Schweitzer had written, 'can do anything in defiance of his own inner nature.' Acutely sensitive from childhood to the suffering of others, and very aware of his own good-fortune, he felt impelled to perform some act of 'expiation' for the misery caused to primitive people by European colonisation. At the same time all his thinking confirmed his belief that academic and cultural life were not enough for him:

> Thought and analysis are powerless to pierce the great mystery that hovers over the world and over our existence, but knowledge of the great truths only appears in action and labour.

Schweitzer's half-century of action and labour at his jungle hospital in the Gabon was to make him world famous. By western standards Lambarene was certainly an unusual hospital. Sick Africans brought their families and animals and did their own cooking. There was no running water, and, except in the operating theatre, no electricity. Brabazon argues convincingly that Lambarene, far from being an anachronistic medical slum, more suited to the 19th than to the 20th century, was a hospital ideally meeting the requirements of the Africans living in the surrounding equatorial forests. No lover of material progress, Schweitzer nevertheless used the most modern drugs available if convinced of their efficacy. But Lambarene's fame was not so much due to the conditions there as to its much publicised link with its founder's personal philosophy. Nobody should do anything that did not show 'Reverence for Life': this was the key phrase. His definition of ethics was: 'It is good to maintain and further life; it is bad to damage and destroy life.' Lambarene (where animals were also looked after) was Schweitzer's acting-out of his ideal, and a proof to others that thoughts and conduct could go hand in hand.

At times Brabazon's devotion to his subject and his appreciation of Lambarene's symbolic importance blunts his critical judgment where practical matters are concerned. Schweitzer's failure to promote Africans to positions of importance in the hospital was a real shortcoming, and is not mitigated by Brabazon's claim that Schweitzer was instead trying to teach them how not to get ill in the first place. Additional doctors could have spread knowledge of hygiene farther afield and also have cured those already suffering. If Schweitzer had included Africans among his nurses and doctors, he would have done much to destroy the claim that he was culturally arrogant. Brabazon does not quite set at rest a suspicion that Schweitzer was more interested in the Africans as objects for philanthropy than as people in their own right. Although he was not dogmatic about polygamy or bride-buying, he never seems to have shared the deep interest of so many who worked in Africa for the rituals and patterns of tribal life.

Apart from occasional failures in objectivity, what prevents this biography from being definitive is its heavy dependence on Schweitzer's two exceedingly reticent autobiographical works: *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth* and *My Life and Thought*. This is not Brabazon's fault. Many intimate personal letters do exist but very few have been made public. This lack seriously limits our understanding of the man. While it is not crucial to clear up the mystery of whether Schweitzer was still a virgin when he married at 37, other matters are more important. Schweitzer's nine-year concealment of his decision to abandon his old life caused his mother terrible distress when she finally learned what he had known so long. The subsequent rift between mother and son was never healed. Schweitzer's public correspondence conveys little grief about this. What did he really feel? At present it is uncertain whether his marriage was one of love or convenience. Until this is known nothing very sensible can be said about his subsequent treatment of his wife and her unhappiness and jealousy of his career and helpers. Nor can we even be certain that he cared deeply about his daughter growing up as a virtual stranger. In spite of Schweitzer's undoubted charisma, and his warmth and spontaneity – qualities he worked at as a young man – he appears to have had little need of close personal relationships. Perhaps the proscribed letters will alter this picture of an isolated and self-sufficient man.

This biography, then, is an excellent study of the public man and his work, but I fear it will be some years before the private Dr Schweitzer finally emerges. For a man who 'made his life his argument', the details of that life are not unimportant. The most ironic passage in the book is a quotation from Schweitzer's own life of J. S. Bach. 'Unfortunately,' he wrote, 'we possess very few details about Bach's intimate life, about the husband and the father of a family.' Quite so.

In last week's issue A. J. P. Taylor reviewed The Man Called Intrepid *by William Stevenson. 'Intrepid' was the code name of Sir William Stephenson; Mr Taylor gave his name correctly, but it was mistakenly changed by us to Stevenson. We apologise to Mr Taylor and to our readers.*

Alan Ryan

Junta Juice

Twilight of Authority by ROBERT NISBET
Heinemann £4.80

Robert Nisbet's friends ought to take him on one side and get him to give his pen a rest – unless, as I suspect, the offending implement is a dictaphone. It would be much nicer all round if we could remember Professor Nisbet as the author of that good and useful book *The Sociological Tradition* and not as the perpetrator of this loose and sloppy footnote to Spengler. *Twilight of Authority* is dedicated to the claim that

> a vacuum obtains in the moral order for large numbers of people. Human loyalties, uprooted from accustomed soil, can be seen tumbling across the landscape with no scheme of larger purpose to fix them. Individualism

WILLINGLY TO SCHOOL
Mary Cathcart Borer

An entertaining social history of women and their education
£5.95
Ask for it at your local bookshop
LUTTERWORTH PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reveals itself less as achievement and enterprise than as egoism and mere performance . . . Representative and liberal institutions of government slip into patterns ever more imperial in character. Military symbols and constraints loom where civil values reigned before.

The fears of Burke, de Tocqueville, Burckhardt, Nietzsche, Sir Henry Maine and other 19th-century conservatives are about to be realised. Mass society is about to throw up a military despotism, served by a faceless bureaucracy, imposed upon a doped and duped populace, and sustained by a mixture of affluence, propaganda and war scares.

It is, of course, possible that the United States will soon become a military dictatorship; anything is possible in politics. Moreover, it's always a safe prediction that things cannot go on as they are – Marxists are surely right to claim that capitalism cannot last for ever, and by the same token Professor Nisbet is no doubt right to suppose that liberal democracy is less than the last word among forms of government. But the suggestion that America's present anxieties – even when expressed by Dr Steiner and Professor Trilling – demonstrate the truth of Burke's prognosis is surely false. For a start, the evidence of disillusion is entirely American and ungeneralisable; voter turnout in Britain has lately gone up rather than down; the fortunes of political parties and the dedication of their supporters throughout Europe show no evident downward trend; and the unparalleled mendacity of recent governments is a figment of Nisbet's imagination. The thesis of the imminence of military despotism rings false – Nisbet can no longer cite Greece as he could when he wrote this, and the military in Portugal seem to be looking about for someone to hand over to, rather than to be spreading 'a plague of red militarism all the way across the southern flank of Europe'. Indeed, the European scene is one of slow disarmament rather than feverish military stockpiling, and those egalitarian, untraditional countries such as Norway and Sweden, which ought to succumb fastest to the ills predicted by Nisbet, are among the world's less plausible sites for the next junta.

Moreover, Nisbet ought not to be allowed to get away with the uncritical hymn of praise to the virtues of pluralism, decentralisation, religion and kinship which he offers as an account of the remedies for our situation. It ought to be remembered more often than it is that the price of pluralism is that we have no redress against *local* tyrants; the Alabama Black who had to look to the federal government and the federal judiciary to defend him against such heroes of the Christian concept of kinship as the Ku Klux Klan might be forgiven for finding Nisbet unconvincing.

Among this week's contributors:

ANDREW ROBERTS is a lecturer in African history at the School of Oriental and African Studies. His *History of Zambia* will appear later this year.

JOHN MORTIMER's plays include *A Voyage Round my Father* and *Collaborators*.

ARTHUR HOPCRAFT is the author of *Born to Hunger* (1968).

TIM JEAL's biography of Livingstone was published in 1973.

Susannah Clapp

No Way

A Kind of War by PAMELA HAINES *Heinemann* £3.50
The Maze by EILEEN SIMPSON *Collins/Harvill* £3.50
Figures in Bright Air by DAVID PLANTE *Gollancz* £3.75
Treatment by A. C. H. SMITH *Weidenfeld* £3.50

The helpless little woman is now a derisory figure; the largely hopeless woman, whose integrity is signalled by despair and disaster, is more popular in novels – and is usually a wife. In *A Kind of War* Pamela Haines writes about three women of different generations, all hankering after men they can't have. An 80-year-old one-time beauty, complete with stick and advanced pernicketiness, moons over a brother killed in World War I; her daughter-in-law, floundering in a chilly marriage with an exaggeratedly horrible husband, dreams of a childhood pal turned priest; her granddaughter, a giddy nymphet, nurtures a yearning for an elusive trumpet-player – she comes closest to getting what she wants, and is promptly crushed under a lorry.

The names of these women – 'Muff' (from 'muffing' catches), Teresa (convent girl) and Polly – speak of their types; their memories and aspirations are intercut: two pages after Muff has been preparing to have tea at Rumpelmeyers and to view Pointing's photographs of the South Pole, Polly is enthusing over 'the best hard-on in Fulham at 4.45 pm'. This isn't without its confusions – each snatch of narrative is too extensive to give the effect of a snapshot, and too jumbled in its internal chronology to provide an entirely clear story-line – but some pleasantly pointed shifts of mood and period are pulled off despite it. The attempt to tap an underlying vein of ironic similarity – intense fixation combined with very bad luck – is less successful. Only occasional play is made with the interaction between these women's views; and the smugness which superior knowledge allows the reader on such occasions makes these among the nicest moments in a quietly glum book: there should have been more.

Floundering and the notion that woman in love is woman at war also find a place in Eileen Simpson's glossy first novel. Benjamin Bold, poor but gifted American poet, has just completed a major work. He and his wife Rosy, whose beauty is matched only by her capacity for self-sacrifice, travel to Europe, looking for peace, and mingling with the exotic, the affluent and the more-or-less serious (some convincing Fifties grisliness is captured here). While Benjamin, who announces that ambivalence is 'the core of his nature', alternately hones his tongue 'to rapier sharpness' and indulges in what are held to be engaging pranks and extravagances, Rosy is intent on using the holiday to examine their marriage. She worries about the new problems which fame might bring, about Benjamin's present volatility, and frequently compares him to a horse: he is at various times 'high-mettled and high-stepping', 'unsaddled' and 'about to bolt'. In the face of some inducements to do otherwise, she continues both to love him and remain meticulously faithful. And when she decides that what Benjamin really needs is his freedom, she leaves.

Rosy's malleability and despairing scrupulousness in the face of all this is convincingly bleak: her equine batterer is less so. Though Eileen Simpson manages to avoid the extreme but not uncommon assumption that an artistic temperament actually guarantees artistic talent, *The Maze* still relies too much on indicating artisticness by flamboyant deportment, and on the idea that it makes a disintegrating marriage of particular interest.

Marriage appears only as 'an elaboration' in *Figures in Bright Air*. David Plante is a thoughtful writer, capable of producing fine flashes of prose. His latest novel abandons even the intermittent verisimilitude of his previous books: it describes in long and excited swirls of prose the kind of fictions people use to describe themselves and their relations with others – and the implications of writing fiction. Plot is nugatory: the tormented narrator stumbles from the 'country' of his parents into alien territory, where, alongside gaping crevasses, black ice and the occasional glowing ember, he finds, loses, pursues and attempts to define a lover-soulmate-alter-ego, and – careful to point out the pruning, honing and elaboration of perceptions which is taking place – examines and creates the 'aerial country made of my longing'.

The quality of the states through which the characters pass are clearly, often strikingly, embodied in a swarm of elementa imagery. Their significance is more obscure: peril and meaningfulness seem to crouch behind every boulder, and moments of in sight pound close upon each other with a remorseless intensity of pitch which i almost self-cancelling. It's not easy to be totally concerned about a novel which i concerned only with its own unwinding Despite the power which glimmers through his landscapes, David Plante is in danger o working himself into a literary alcove.

A. C. H. Smith's *Treatment* takes an altogether cooler, more fashionably jaun diced look at marriages and fictions. Two young lovelies, recently married and both new at drama school, are chosen as subject for a television documentary by the unaptl named Martin Shy. The topic is their live and, obediently unravelling these in fron of the camera, they discover both tha the telly is going to show an oddly slante picture, and that the picture they had o each other was oddly slanted. She falls fo starletdom and gets off with Shy; he glower in a commune and executes (or dreams o executing – the borders blur) intricatel satisfying revenge. There are no major sur prises of attitude in *Treatment*, but for th first half of the book at least, before thing go from bad to hectic, there is some reasor ably unbludgeoning knowingness, and som deft debunking. Ingenious, too, to bug church so that in response to 'Lord hav mercy upon us miserable sinners', the wal whisper back: 'No way.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Fawlty Bowers

The Merry Wives of Windsor *Aldwych*
Gaslight *Criterion*
Very Good, Eddie *Piccadilly*
Mardi Gras *Prince of Wales*

Shakespeare, it is said, wrote the *Merry Wives* in 14 days flat because the Virgin Queen wanted to see Falstaff in love and wanted to see him quickly. History doesn't record whether she was pleased with what he threw together, though parody, in the person of the 18th-century scholar Boaden, has her penning a fulsome fan-letter to 'Maisterre William':

> Wee werre mightylye tickledde at the perfourmaunce offe thye pleasaunte Commedie . . . We give thee nottice thatte wee shalle *drinke Tea* withe thee bye Thames Tomorrowe, thou Monarche offe the *Globe*.

My more modest guess is that she appreciated a plot in which female ingenuity and guile triumph over male presumption, punishing both the lechery of Falstaff and the bloodshot possessiveness of Ford. The practical jokes would have been to her liking, too, given her predilection for rather coarse frivolity, especially when it consisted of burlesque flirtation, endlessly prolonged. There is a good deal of horseplay in the *Wives*, and even more in Terry Hands's production at the Aldwych. The evening is packed with what I can only call low comedy, since a surprising amount of it occurs on or around the floor. Toes are trodden on; a hat is casually trampled while its owner struggles to rescue it; and Geoffrey Hutchings's Simple, his mouth gaping like a baby cuckoo's, is glimpsed desperately failing to pick up the cloak on which he happens to be standing.

It isn't the sort of detail that adds much to our understanding of the Elizabethan bourgeoisie or of Shakespeare's characters; but it does suit the jocular, offhand mood of the play. If you were amused by, let's say, John Cleese in *Fawlty Towers*, you should enjoy watching Richard Moore's Ford whip open what appears to be a shoebox, just to see if Falstaff is hiding inside, or bolt his finger in the door as the excitement of the search overwhelms him. A kind of maniac obsessiveness links the two performances, though Mr Moore is the more inclined to rant, bluster, and pop off like powder. Maybe he's still possessed by the Pistol he's lately been playing in *Henry IV* and *V*. At any rate, he lacks vulnerability and pain, and so becomes monotonous. Only at the very end of his ordeal do we feel that it might actually have hurt him to be cuckolded. He apologises ignominiously, and goes into a long, hot clinch with Barbara Leigh-Hunt, his frisky spouse. But then the emphasis shifts again – from this touching reconciliation to the comic embarrassment of the Fords' friends and neighbours, coughing, shuffling, and looking the other way as they wait for the lovebirds to break it up.

Since I didn't catch it at Stratford last year, I can't say whether the production has lost anything with recasting and removal to London; but I suspect that Ian Richardson brought more finesse to Ford. Never mind: others survive, and some have been playing the identical characters throughout the present season. Tim Wylton is still there, the same scrofulous, mouldering Bardolph we saw in the *Henries*, using the same iron-file voice, half burp, half inarticulate scrape. He is a memorable creation and, for all my earlier cavilling and quibbling, Brewster Mason's Falstaff is scarcely less so. It is no longer possible to mistake him for Dr Arnold of Rugby, whimsically disguised as Santa Claus. There's something marvellously genial and mellow about his performance now; and, if he seems a bit lacking in lust, he justifies his omission with a self-conscious wiggle of the pelvis and a couple of hulking press-ups. His pursuit of the Windsor women is actuated more by vanity, a hankering for lost youth, than by any ache in the abdomen. The play, of course, gives Mr Mason far fewer opportunities for subtlety than either *Henry IV*, but he seizes the very flimsiest. 'If my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent,' he sighs, and suddenly seems to mean it. His unaccustomed solemnity and tired old eyes should remind any follower of the Falstaff saga that just about the next episode is his death, followed by his obituary in *Henry V*.

It's best not to ask too many questions about *Gaslight*, or the play simply evaporates, leaving a lot of unchilled blood in the stalls. Isn't it a bit eccentric to buy, not just the house in which you committed a savage murder 20 years ago, but the one next door as well, and then spend your evenings hopping from skylight to skylight, all in the vague hope of disinterring the rubies you failed to pinch from your victim? Isn't it odd that your wife should guess that something is amiss in the attic, and yet never venture up there, nor say a word about it to you? Well, yes, it is: which is presumably why Patrick Hamilton, writing in the Thirties, decided to set the whole rum do 'in the latter half of the last century'. As everyone knows, that's when killers could be relied on to return to the scene of the crime. Then it was that husbands governed, wives cringed and obeyed, and communication *de bas en haut* was a rare privilege, not a right. Then, too, brooding figures in brown overcoats would appear out of the yellow London smog to say 'never fear, I've been in many a tighter corner than this'. Then the riposte to a wife's promise to cling to her treacherous husband had to be, 'cling to him by all means, but do not think you are the only piece of ivy'.

Hamilton's morbid mind, that fascination with judicial strangulation that marks his earlier *Rope*, suits the period, too. But Victorian melodrama needs Victorian style, a theatrical wholeheartedness that only Peter Vaughan, playing a predatory sleuth with a smile for every season, comes near to producing. Both Nicola Pagett, proclaiming her 'desperation' in a strangely self-sufficient voice, and Anton Rodgers, thinly sneering from above a smoking jacket, seem off-note: an accusation not to be thrown at the week's musicals. Jerome Kern has bequeathed us some fine songs, and the Alan Blaikley/Ken Howard partnership concocted several lively ones, and most are pretty well delivered. Disappointing, then, to leave neither offering with spring in my heart or even my feet. *Very Good, Eddie*, the Kern revival, is about two tall and two short socialites whose marriages get unaccountably confused, preparing us for Feydeauesque contortions, but actually fobbing us off with a lot of inconsequential silliness. And the trouble with *Mardi Gras* is that it's just the sort of musical one would have prophesied, given its setting. New Orleans, 1917, means brothels, bible-thumpers, voodoo, jazz, carnival – all that, and love triumphant. The main characters are a clean-living boy from Illinois, a golden whore called Celandine, an elderly and loyal black named Prince and a cynical mobster with a French accent. Melvyn Bragg's book can be clever and amusing, if a mite literary; but his attempts to wrest tension out of tired ingredients are foredoomed.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Concert Choice

Bud Freeman *Blandford Upper School*
Jazz at the Shaw Theatre
Wind and Fingers *Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol*

Just as schoolboys once imagined that elephants clumped off into the jungle to expire and derelict ships headed straight for the Sargasso Sea, so there are gullible souls who still believe that jazz is a purely American activity, at its authentic best only when performed by black men in Harlem dives or New Orleans bordellos. That was more or less true before and just after World War I, but by the start of the Thirties Django Reinhardt had proved that a major jazz soloist could be born outside the United States. And although jazz continued to feed on its roots in black society, the fact that from the Forties onward more and more musicians began thinking of themselves as artists rather than entertainers made the music even more open to outside influences, even more likely to flourish in faraway parts.

Watching Bud Freeman at work, licking into shape a pick-up group of Dorset musicians he had met only an hour earlier, was to witness this international camaraderie at its best. Freeman, of course, learned his jazz in Chicago during Prohibition years,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of that generation of white jazzmen which was the first to admire the black lifestyle as well as to be bowled over by the music. From listening to Oliver, Armstrong, Jimmie Noone – and Bix Beiderbecke – he developed a light, whirling way of manipulating the tenor saxophone, as original a style as anyone has come up with. The rhythmic zest is still there; if clichés sometimes bubble up at least they are Bud's own; and he has a capacity – he showed it most notably in 'Tea For Two' – to be staccato and yet poignant, rather like Noël Coward.

A couple of days afterwards, in the first of a series of concerts organised by the Jazz Centre Society for the Camden Festival, two other American saxophonists, Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh, demonstrated how they had solved – but 20 years later – the same problem that faced Bud Freeman, fashioning styles which acknowledged the existence of black geniuses (in their cases, Charlie Parker and Lester Young) while remaining apart, corollaries rather than copies. They were aided in this through associating back in the Forties with the pianist-composer Lennie Tristano, theorist and cult-hero, the closest jazz has ever got to throwing up an F. R. Leavis. Elaborate themes based on familiar chord sequences were raced through at the Shaw Theatre, with the British bassist, Peter Ind (another of Tristano's acolytes), phrasing simultaneously with the two saxophones. Warne Marshe outshone his partner as a soloist, seeming imperturbable yet communicating an intensity that derived from intricate musical argument rather than emotional heat.

The concert by Mike Gibbs and The Only Chrome Waterfall Orchestra began with the bass-guitar providing a drone, above which three soprano saxophones squeezed a lemony texture. Gibbs is an eclectic, drawing from rock and Oriental music just as readily as from the European or Afro-American past; his prime virtues are those of the harmonist and orchestrator. And he was well served by his soloists, especially Kenny Wheeler, Alan Skidmore, Gordon Beck and Tony Coe. This concert also demonstrated the impact of technology upon jazz. In order to reproduce effects that were devised for a recording studio, Gibbs supplied most of his musicians with individual microphones, then mixed them as though balancing a master tape.

National characteristics emerge in jazz as perceptibly as in any other art. The Albert Mangelsdorff Quartet may have been playing 'free jazz' but they did so as precisely, as meticulously, as German students once clicked their heels or hoisted their steins. The result was highly controlled, dramatic improvising. Mangelsdorff crouched to play his trombone, deploying a prodigious technique with Scrooge-like economy, relying on sonority as much as line, even conjuring up the occasional chord: a stunning display by a major jazz soloist. Two nights later John Surman made a farewell appearance before leaving Britain – only temporarily, one hopes – for America. Up to the interval it looked as if this might be a farewell to rival Don Bradman's last Test innings (bowled for a duck by Hollies, you will recall). The musicians were simply not getting together. Part of the trouble came about because Surman and his drummer, Stu Martin, also insisted on bringing synthesisers into the fray. In Surman's old trio, S.O.S., which lacked rhythm instruments, the synthesiser filled a particular void; here it just got in the way of the bass and drums. Things tended to go better in the second half, particularly as Barre Phillips had come up with an impromptu and awesomely brilliant bass solo.

John Surman remains, first and foremost, a virtuoso of the baritone saxophone. Yet by a coincidence, only the day before his concert at the Shaw Theatre, a young Bristolian, Steve Mulligan, played that instrument with the kind of authority and confidence which Surman displayed when he arrived in London with Mike Westbrook a decade and a half ago. The occasion was the performance of Will Menter's *Wind and Fingers*, a composition with themes tha sometimes suggested George Russell's brus queness, using voicings carrying hints o Mingus's filtering of Ellington. Just as Steve Mulligan is not yet extending the scope o the baritone saxophone as Surman did, Wil Menter still lacks the composing identity o Mike Gibbs, and his piece could have don with some tactful chopping; yet both mer seem to have their priorities right. (Incident ally, Londoners get a chance to sample som of the Bristolians, including Mulligan an Menter, at the Seven Dials on 22 April But perhaps the most encouraging aspec of these goings-on in the West Country i the way they demonstrate how jazz ca flourish outside London – no longer th monopoly of Americans, no longer even predominantly metropolitan preserve.

Films

John Coleman

Lassie, Come Back

Benji *Studio One from 8 April*
Between Wars *The Gate*
A Delicate Balance *Curzon*
The Hour of Liberation and **The Double Day** *The Collegiate, 3 April*
The Black Bounty Killer *Classic, Victoria*

Man is about to bite dog, but little the good it will do. *Benji*, written, produced and directed by Joe Camp, president of a small Dallas-based film company, has already taken well over $30m. at the American box-office and, according to the barkers, a whole 'Benji' industry has sprung up – toys, books, T-shirts, probably even hairs for hangover cures – while the eponymous 'perky, reddish-brown mongrel has become a national hero': if it hadn't been for that unhappy Nixon whine about his pooch Checkers, Reagan and Jackson would surely be vying for the canophiliac vote by giving young Benji a stockyard of bones. Back at the film *per se*, we have a highly suspect dog's-eye-view of a kidnap plot. 'I feel love,' warbles one Charlie Rich encouragingly, as our scruffy four-footed hero lollops along, picking up a newspaper, arriving for his clandestine breakfast at the household of widower Dr Chapman (Peter Breck), who rightly thinks strays insanitary, and of his two kids (Cynthia Smith and Allen Fiuzat), who let the mutt lick them and are generally abetted in making much of it by their housekeeper, lovable Mary (Patsy Garrett). Mary it is who further nudges us into the pokerwork moral of the matter, addressing animal: 'You've got more independence than most people . . . and more charm . . . Have a good day.' Follows a typical time-table for the liberated primitive: treeing a cat, whose lady owner looks forward to his visits; meeting a nice black cop in the park; waking an old restaurant proprietor in time for the lunch trade; settling down in a big, supposedly haunted house.

So far, someone might have been saving his *SatEvePost* covers, against the prospec of laying them end to end and making movie. Now a whiff of wickedness: thre superannuated teenagers (2 m., 1 f.) scou that deserted mansion while Benji peers fro his lair. A day or so later, the romanc promised to the dog by his policeman chu happens: a girl mongrel, a weenzie whi bundle, turns up and the pair of them sta going on just like in a people-film; rompin through grass and wild flowers in lyric slo motion after lunch (he gives her a bone rolling around in a pretty unashame fashion, paws up; nuzzling, at least. Ma christens the newcomer Tiffany because h dead husband once . . . Never mind. Th Chapman kids are snatched for ransom an stashed in the abandoned house, an out-o town 'teenager' with a gun controlling th operation. Benji, after country and urba miles of scampering in slowed and sto motion, comes to the rescue. Mr Camp mu know a thing or two about canines denie the rest of us. True, his camera goes ove head in a bid for pathos near the close, bu elsewhere it tends to dog the human Interesting, then, that Benji sees in colou a positive breakthrough that he should ha memory flashbacks – guns firing, cop gagged kids, kicked Tiffany, crying kid lyric Tiffany, etc. – to spur his furry, fla ging legs. Note: it may help, but you c not have to be anti-mongrel (Dad: 'H could be picking up diseases all over tow and bringing them here') to be anti-*Ben* To be pro-children should suffice. Go knows there is enough misinformatio abroad without this.

The Australian Michael Thornhill's fir feature, *Between Wars*, has Corin Redgra ageing – and improving his performance between 1918 and 1941: and me baffle Behind this sketchy story, scripted by Fra Moorhouse, a fair deal of Australian histo manifestly lurks (hostility towards new idea including Freudianism; formation of wor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers' cooperatives during the Depression years; the 'Australia First Movement' in the second world war), so much, in fact, that one expected to find afterwards that the eccentric, hesitant character played by Mr Redgrave, a Dr Edward Trenbow, really existed or exists. As the reluctantly committed fellow through whom everything is felt as taking place, this awkward Edward is – by a paradox – rather too lifelike in his stops and starts, too fragmented, to lend a linking verisimilitude to a hairy tale. I suspect Mr Thornhill, who is credited as having been a maverick film critic before committing himself to celluloid, is after *echt*-Brecht: this would help to account for the sense of a series of *tableaux*, some more *vivants* than others, illustrating a buried thesis. Unfortunately, Redgrave Jr increasingly possesses the film: and he is one of the few useful actors in sight.

And yet *Between Wars* is not a total write-off. It may be amateur night in all departments – script ('The clinical word is nymphomania, I believe,' says an overripe lady, daring Edward to psychoanalyse her), camera placement, performances – and all the fashionable jargon justifying incompetence as usefully 'distancing' is unavailing here – but the rag-bag film has its excellent moments, often crazy things: a jarful of teeth being spilt on a billiard table, Edward deciding to learn banjo, a marvellous session in a broadcasting studio in Sydney, vintage 1941, with the announcer in dinner jacket. Cleverly, The Gate is showing our own Christopher Mason's *England Home and Beauty*, a 37-minute short, in the same bill: the cunning lies in the echo this offers of the frequently fine period dressing of Thornhill's movie. Mr Mason's straight-faced document displays hundreds of examples of English domestic architecture, furnishings, household fripperies from the Thirties, that dreadful period when your reviewer was an infant, and practically nothing produced then appears to look nice now. The exception here is a Mark Gertler painting for a chocolate box. Art Deco clashes with post-Bauhaus and the running commentary, taken from many spokesmen of the time, including Le Corbusier, is infuriatingly unidentified. One could wish the excellent Mr Mason (who gave us the very lively *Duncan Grant at Charleston*) would relax that non-committal upper lip, go a bit vulgar, flash his undeniable *trouvailles*.

The Curzon season of British Film Theatre, by arrangement with American Film Theatre, continues with Tony Richardson's making over of Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance*. This version has Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick respectively as the queen-bitch, cementing mother, vacillating, decent father, 36-year-old, four-times-divorced, spoilt daughter of a richish Connecticut household; Kate Reid is magnificent as the drinking sister of the mother; Betsy Blair and Joseph Cotten are the old family friends who suddenly land themselves to stay, scared out of their wits by an unexplained horror (approaching death? boredom? Albee's private nightmare?). Richardson sensibly curbs the urge to open out for the sake of it and keeps the claustrophobic action tied to its oases – the drinks area, the breakfast table – and Scofield's mannered, waiting procedures blossom wonderfully in his complex, crunch speech after a sleepless night: should old-timers' affection conquer familial bonds? It is an event. Miss Hepburn, alas, seems to have taken irretrievably to self-parody: the lip quivering, the eye moistening. I did not see the play over here and doubt if I would have liked it. A word is in place for the NFT's current season, 'World Theatre on Film'. This coming Sunday, Albert Finney will be on stage at 8.45 p.m., discussing with Colin Ford the latter's compilation film, *Masks and Faces*.

Also: all well-wishers of The Other Cinema will be glad to know they have as good as got their premises in Charlotte Street. To celebrate, there are – among other items – two screenings of agitprop documentaries this Saturday. *The Hour of Liberation*, avowedly made for Arab audiences and shot mostly during a bedevilled two months in 1971, is a hortatory and admonitory faction about our and American finagling in Oman: object – oil. The bad Sultan banished, we helped to put in his equally suspect son, Kamous. But women are becoming freed. 'One can measure the depths of a revolution when it affects the women,' a male revolutionary declares. This at 7 p.m., to be followed by the much livelier and more persuasive *The Double Day*, which reinforces the message of feminine liberation being part of anyone's, and vice versa. The geography is Latin American, there is the inevitable simplification, but women announce themselves proudly, men condemn themselves foolishly out of their own mouths. It is of profound importance that all good people come to the support of The Other Cinema, which will go on needing contributions: we are woefully lacking in 'political' film. It is of equal importance that The Other Cinema disinters and promotes other and better stuff than this. The slogan should not be the message for the sort of audience it is likely to garner.

John Pudney

Grave

Yellow trumpet fun flowers!
I like you on the grave
Of that amiable woman.

Proud blow your fun fanfares
For the few loud days
And the spring chilled nights.
Celebrate that she was called Fanny
And her flanks were
One of life's liveliest sights.

While you daffodils in your ranks
Stand rigidly in yellow salute
She will prance rings round you
At the back of my mind
Very amiably
So kind!

An amiable woman like that
Deserves daffodils.
An amiable woman like that
Deserves the frolic-praise of the living.
For Fanny was for ever giving
Little bits of herself to people,
Little bits of her soul.
And nobody ever had Fanny whole.

Television

Christopher Price

Jimcrack

After the first ballot last Thursday, television followed the bookmakers and put its money on Callaghan. True, for a day or two, they berated Healey for his obstinate pursuit of a hopeless goal, but more and more they sensed the inevitable outcome, abandoned the blow-by-blow commentary and opted for stopping the fight after round one.

Weekend World tackled the difficult job of explaining this growing inevitability of a Callaghan victory against the background of Foot's first ballot lead and projected level pegging with Callaghan on the second. They produced yet one more poll of Labour MPs – apparently, in cooperation with the *Sunday Times*, contacting 95 per cent of them – and in the event got the result surprisingly close; and since the real Mr Callaghan assiduously refused to stand up in the studio, they settled down to a long comprehensive profile – a sort of *This Is Your Life* without the guest and the audience and the fanfares.

Peter Jay left the task of dissecting his father-in-law to Mary Holland and Nelson Mews, who in the end, I thought, leant over quite a long way backwards to be fair. The section on his Chancellorship was a veritable apologia ('it was all Wilson's fault') and a mixed squad of admirers, Welsh and English, were wheeled on to recite their personal panegyrics. But throughout the paeans of particular praise – 'best constituency MP in Britain' (his constituency secretary), 'consummate politician' (Paddy Devlin) – there ran the continuous acid theme of 'Where does Mr Callaghan stand?' Christopher Mayhew remembered a meeting of all new MPs called by Callaghan in 1945 – but was quite unable to recall a word he said or view he expressed on this occasion. To Alan Fisher, he was 'extraordinarily uncommitted' on Clause Four and nuclear disarmament: and so it went on. We were left with a persistent double image – a splendid politician because he was such a nice, sturdy reliable chap, but then again a terrible one because he was so thin-blooded and unadventurous. With a bit more time (and a lot less potted history) we could have been given a deeper analysis down to the roots of the man.

Panorama put the boot in again on Monday with rather less subtlety. They had Lord Hailsham saying what a wonderful Home Secretary he had been (a lot of votes in that!), interspersed with the Crossman diaries and George Wigg at his most sour. 'An adjuster of his views to circumstance,' growled Wigg, deeply dubious whether Mr Callaghan could save himself, his party or his country. I suppose on both networks the central accusation was lack of passion. The deepest feeling that either managed to scour out of 30 years of celluloid snippings came at the beginning and end of his career

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so far; the 33-year-old naval officer at his adoption meeting in 1945 'flushing out fascists from Mosley to Franco' and then the 60-year-old anti-marketeer going on about Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton, before plunging into schoolboy French: *'Non, merci beaucoup.'* So much for colour. The serious analysis was left to Peter Jenkins, who rambled over the Callaghan/Wilson relationship, attributing the succession to Callaghan's prostate in 1973 when, all passion spent, he nearly left politics; once he had decided to stay on, he moved into the statesman bracket and ceased to be a threat. Complete reconciliation with his leader was sealed and he became the chosen No Two.

On Tuesday night, with Mr Healey's comparative humiliation, there was growing talk of a dyarchy – Foot and Callaghan as Kosygin and Brezhnev (or perhaps the other way round). Mr Benn was propounding this theory on the *Today* programme; the movement needed them both. He was continuing to purvey this and other unexceptional, anodyne opinions, when Eamonn Andrews popped him the well-researched and original question: 'What is the Biggest Single Problem Facing Britain?' Now, the correct political answer to this question, as the youngest and most casual viewer will know is 'Beating Inflation and Saving Britain from Economic Ruin'. Everyone says it, from Wilson through Callaghan to Foot. But Mr Benn didn't. He said it wasn't economic at all. It was a crisis of confidence in ourselves as a community. The British Sickness was confined to Fleet Street, the City and um, er, *some* of the media. That's the trouble with television; you never rock that boat – not live in front of the cameras anyway.

So, just one more weekend and then back to normality – comfortable, elderly normality. No more profiles or extended news bulletins. Mr Benn will be put back into his Energy cage, until the next referendum or leadership ballot. Predictable answers will be given to predictable questions, and the golden oldies will lead the Natural Party of Government into a brighter future. Or the sunset. We'll have to see.

Weekend Competition

No 2406 Set by B. Mooring

Competitors are asked for poems by Sir John Betjeman (or any previous Laureate) on what has been called 'the end of a fairy-tale romance'. About 12 lines by 16 April.

Result of No 2403 Set by Martini Sam

We wondered what would happen if the highbrow and specialist journals started an agony column for their readers' heartaches.

Report by Lily White

'I have just seen my fiancé's Shakespeare and it is very large indeed. I am worried that it won't fit into my shelves.' George Hughes's squib (for which £2) set this entry's unsalubrious tone. By the end of the day, though, not many journals had scaped whipping – especially not ours truly. These were the funniest: £6 each.

NEW STATESMAN

Sir, My husband believes in comprehensive education, but recently moved house so our son would be in the catchment area for the local grammar school. He believes in humane treatment of criminals, but when he discovered an intruder, he broke the man's arm in five places. He believes that Russian society is the ideal to which socialists should aspire, but sympathised with the Czechs when the tanks invaded Prague. He deplores right-wing torture in Chile, but was strangely silent about left-wing torture. He fought in Spain before the war, but enjoys Costa Brava holidays at the expense of oppressed and underpaid workers. What can I do with such a bundle of contradictions?

THE EDITOR *writes*: We understand his problem only too well – if you do hit on a solution, perhaps you'd drop us a line.

T. HOPE

Mind

Sir, Whenever I have a philosophical discussion with my favourite Ms, she exposes weaknesses in her arguments, crosses her lines of thought, puts her finger on the point at issue and then lets it wander, opens the gaps in her knowledge wide, and in many other ways arouses my intellect to fever pitch – but just as I move in for the logical kill she shifts her ground. How can I make her go all the way without appearing to be coldly analytical? She's driving me to abstraction.

THE EDITOR *writes*: We've all come across one of these logic-teasers some time or other. I suggest you try once more: take her to a Public Lecture on Positivism and then to a quiet intimate Seminar somewhere classy, then confront her with a logical paradox. If she still fights shy, move to pastures new: it takes two to play at induction.

C. VITA-FINZI

Music Week

Sir, I am in love with the timpanist of a symphony orchestra in which I am a second violin. He reciprocates my affection, and after living together for three weeks, he wants to marry me. Unfortunately, in spite of having many tastes completely in common, we have encountered a snag in our sex-life. Although the main movements of his lovemaking are a *tempo giusto* 3/4 time, he always changes to 4/4 for the *coda* – very unsatisfactory to me as I find I require 6/8, *allegro con brio,* for the purpose. He is confident that I shall eventually come to appreciate his rendering, but I am not so sure. Should I accept his proposal, or insist on a longer period for rehearsals?

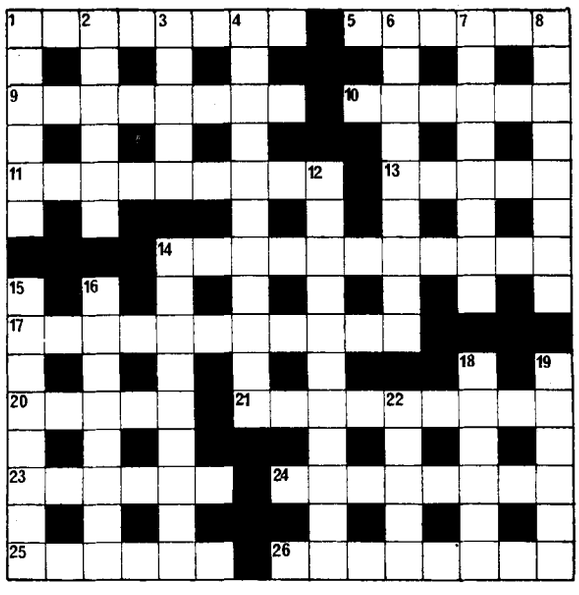
TOM BREWER

The Human World

Sir, Bred a Leavisite (my mother was a founder-subscriber to *Scrutiny* and died clutching *Daniel Deronda*), I kept the faith unspotted until last Christmas when I was afflicted with a sudden craving for *Belles-Lettres.* Within days I was swigging hourly drams of E. V. Lucas and, by mid-January, on neat Quiller-Couch. Yesterday, dead to all sense of decency, I even – *horresco referens*! – took a stiff tot of Lord David Cecil!! My wife (also of good sound Leavisite stock) is just finishing her doctoral dissertation on *The Relevance of Relevance* –

Weekend Crossword 1158

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1158, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 13 April.



ACROSS

1. Places which are not profound a saint renders holy (8).
5. Following science an oriental discovers an insect (6).
9. Not out in the open to make the child legal (8).
10. Town which turns blue when seen in the river (6).
11. Mountain where Christianity was defeated (5, 4).
13. She is in hell enjoying herself (5).
14. Stimulus in favour of a job (11).
17. A number of advertisements for beds (11).
20. Mean what is merely left unstarted (5).
21. Latest lie processed for a new means of communication (9).
23. The inventor would be back if it were the end of the game (6).
24. Woody makes a boy blush (8).
25. Talks concluded by summits (6).
26. The end is indeed exhaustive (8).

DOWN

1. Change control (6).
2. Roughly a page in favour of the vote (6).
3. Instincts are less loud in these homes (5).
4. Waves found on the hilltops (5, 6).
6. Things to walk on provided when we hear the ground is heavy (9).
7. Satirist who may turn into a base liar (8).
8. Toasting a poet (8).
12. Free competition for a plant (11).
14. It is nonsense so the girl is given the bird (9).
15. If raised in the forces possibly they are men to be saluted (8).
16. It is quite unexpected and extraordinarily super, sir! (8).
18. Birkenhead country (6).
19. Closely united even if old age were forgotten (6).
22. In Africa one goes back in to play billiards (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1156

M	I	N	K	S		C	L	O	S	E	C	A	L	L
A		A		A		O	G		Y		T		A	
N	U	M	E	R	I	C	A	L		E	A	T	E	R
H		E		T		K		E		G		E		K
A	L	D	E	R	M	A	N		P	L	A	N	E	S
T				E		T		U		A		U		
T	I	D	E		G	R	A	N	D	S	T	A	N	D
A		E		D		I		D		S		T		E
N	U	T	C	R	A	C	K	E	R		L	E	A	P
		O		U		E		R		U				R
T	I	N	T	I	N		S	W	A	N	L	I	K	E
Y		A		D		O		O		I		O		S
P	A	T	T	I		P	A	R	A	S	I	T	E	S
E		O		S		A		L		O		A		E
S	C	R	A	M	B	L	E	D		N	O	S	E	D

Prizewinners to No 1156

Mrs J. Lang (Bermuda)
D. G. Shepherd (Llandough)
Mrs L. Simonds (New Jersey)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my public exposure would kill her. I feel so dirtied I cannot look at our youngest (James Eliot Lawrence Conrad – only four but already through *Women in Love* three times) in the face.

THE EDITOR *writes*: Such backsliding is indeed terrible – but *nil desperandum*. Remember – even frivolous Dickens was not left in outer darkness forever, but finally admitted by F.R. to the sacred canon.

PAUL PITCHCROFT

The Times Literary Supplement

Sir, Sometimes I become frustrated by the complicated and searching reviews in the *TLS* and I turn for relief to magazines like *House and Garden* to look at the pretty pictures of the homes of clever and successful people. I am worried that this habit might have a harmful effect on my intellectual vision and might affect my ability to have creative ideas.

THE EDITOR *writes*: This practice is harmless and perfectly normal. It might give you an occasional twinge of understandable envy, but it certainly won't make you go blind. In time, you should become reconciled to the idea of sitting in your own little hovel wrestling with learned reviews of books you're never going to read. Meanwhile you could join a Book Club. A simple, bland diet might also help: have you thought of taking the NEW STATESMAN?

Your letter was not free from typing errors and clumsy syntax.

TOM DONNELLY

The Psychologist

Sir, I have been subjected to a quasi-sexual but entirely untactile assault by an elderly aunt, that takes the form of spasmodic winking whenever I enter the room. I am slightly perturbed by the incestuous implications of a pomegranate she offered me, as the erotic content of this symbolic gesture became evident when I realised that the single fruit could have been a reference to her recent mastectomy. There is also the vastly more disturbing question of its yonic essence. I have been advised to break her walking-stick and burn it to demonstrate my rejection and psychic self-emasculation. Is it possible for her to use the ashes as fetishes to advance her unhealthy ambitions? Does my partial ingestion of the pomegranate represent an irreversible compromise? I am 46, unmarried, and slightly into Jung. Help me.

RUSSELL LUCAS

Assiac

Chess Board

No 1376 **Forward or Backward?**

'They say he has blundered. Perhaps he has, but I notice he usually blunders forward' – a kindly charitable comment by Thomas A. Edison on President Wilson. Being no less charitably inclined to a chessplayer's blundering we might claim the 'forward' on account of yet another salutary lesson to beware of future blunders; and as for the fellow opposite he is just a lucky profiteer anyway, such as Ljubojevic, Black against Böhm in the recent Hoogoven tournament in Wijk aan Zee. /5rlk/6b1/p6p/4Ktqp1/1pr5/1Q6/PP4P1/K2RR3/.

With his opponent down to a few seconds for the two moves before the time-control the Yugoslav grandmaster hastily blundered **38) . . . Re4.** White played **39) Ktf7†** expecting to win the exchange, and when his opponent countered **. . . Kh7?** Böhm, his 'flag' trembling in the balance, was so flustered that he missed the winning move Ktd6 and blundered **40) Re4:??.** *Obviously*, after **. . . Qe4:; 41) Rh1,Qg6;** White's game was hopeless.

In the same tournament Misha Tal, Black against Langeweg had rather the worse of it, a P down anyway. /R7/4q2kt/3r2pk/2p1p3/2B1P2p/2P2P1P/Q5PK/8/.

After **47) Qf2,Qg5** it should have been imperative for White either to block the d-file by Bd5 or to safeguard the baseline by Ra1. Instead, Langeweg grabbed the P by **48) Qc5:??**, fondly imagining that **. . . Qg3†; 49) Kg1,Rd1†**; would be adequately met by 50) Bf1. What a shock when Misha played 48) **. . . Rd1!!** and, hey presto, the mating threat was unanswerable.

It may have been a case of fortune favouring the brave; anyway it was Tal again, this time White against his young compatriot Dvoretzki and committing a blunder which happened to have a happy ending. (I wonder if Edison would have called it 'blundering forward'.) /6k1/1Q3pp1/p4kt1p/8/2P2kt2/1B1q1P2/P4BPP/6K1/.

Having just plonked his Q on d3 Black has built up a bit of a menace and the threat of **. . . Qb1†** should have been countered by h3; but Tal thought that **29) Qb4** would be good enough and got quite a shock by **. . . Kte4!!** with all sorts of nasty threats. Luckily the mighty Misha could just get away by **30) fe:,Qe4:; 31) Qb8†,Kh7; 32) Bc2!,** for after **. . . Qc2:; 33) Qf4:,Qd1†; 34) Be1,Qe1:†; 35) Qf1** came the Q-swop and a drawn P-ending.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced the win in a few moves. For six ladder-points **B** is a draw, obviously the flight-into-stalemate theme, but the way the Kt is hemmed in is neat. (If I said any more I might as well print the solution.) **C** (for 7) is a draw too with a very pretty echo which takes eight moves rather than the five of the main variation. Usual prizes, entries by 12 April. (Helpful hint: shades of Saavedra!)

A: Della Lunga-Capello 1975: /r7/pp3k1p/3bbqp1 / 3p4 / 3ktp3 / 1P6 / BP1Q1PPP / R1BR2K1/.

B: H. Rössler (*Schach-Echo* **1976):** /16/2p4p/5pKtP/5p2/4pP1p/2k1P2P/7K/.

C: O. Duras 1923: /8/4p3/4p3/8/1RK5/k5b1/p4P2/8/.

Report on No 1371 *Set 27 February*

A: 1) Qf3:!!,Qf3:; 2) Ktd7†,Ka8; 3) Ktc6†,Kta6; 4) Ktb6††.

B: 1) d8=Q!,Bd8: (Not . . . Ktd8:?? allowing 2) Ktf4††); **2) Kd1!** (Threat Ktc5††),**Kte6:** (best); **3) gf:!,Ktc7** (To guard against Ba6††); **4) Bc8,Kte7; 5) Bd7!!,f4; 6) Bh3!** and †† to follow.

C: 1) Rd5†!,Qd5: (Obviously . . . Kd5: ruled out by 2) Bg2†); **2) Rf5†,Kd6; 3) Rd5:†,Kd5:; 4) h5,Ke5; 5) h6,Kf6; 6) Bf5!!** & **7) h7** wins.

Prizes: M. P. Furmston, H. Garfath, J. Gill, C. J. McSheehy, J. T. Naylor.

Report on No 1372 *Set 5 March*

A: Ktd5!! forces surrender.

B: 1) Qc3,Kb1; 2) Qd3†,Ka1; 3) Qd4,Kb1; 4) Qe4†,Ka1; 5) Qe5,Kb1; 6) Qf5†,Ka1; 7) Qf6,Kb1; 8) Qg6†,Ka1; 9) Qg7,Kb1; 10) Qh7†,Ka1; 11) Qh8,Kb1; 12) Qh1††.

C: 1) Ktf7,Ke6; 2) Ktd8†,Kd7; 3) Ktb7,Kc7; 4) Kta5,Kb6! (Now if Ktb3 Black mates by . . . Ktc3††); **5) c5†!,Ktc5:†** (Obviously . . . Bc5: or . . . Kc5: concedes the draw); **6) Kb4,Ktb7†; 7) Ka4!,Kta5:**; stalemate.

Prizes: W. Goerke, J. R. Holland, D. H. Long, B. Silver, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Report on No 1373 *Set 12 March*

A: Re7!! forced instant resignation.

B: 1) Kc6,h2; 2) Ktd5,h1=Q; 3) Bd1,Qd1:; 4) b4,Ka4; 5) Ktc3, etc.

C 1: f7,Ke7; 2) Kte6,Kf7:; 3) Ktg5†,K any; 4) Ktf3:,c2; 5) Ktg1,c1=Q(R); stalemate.

Other lines (though not as spectacular as Sämisch's) acceptable for **A:**

Prizes: C. Allen, I. R. Bradley (back after 3½ years), R. Brown, A. Houston, T. G. Whitworth.

E. G. Circle Meeting, 2 April, 6.30 p.m., 101 Wigmore Street. Everybody welcome.

Holidays

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit. all comforts. D. b. & b. £24 ea.p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Llanrwst 640566.

KIRKDALE SCHOOL CAMPS for children of 7 to 16. Good camping holidays at Easter, Whitsun and in the summer. Tel. 01-778 0149 evenings or weekends.

SWISS ALPS. New chalet, beautiful views, sleep 8/10. Avail. except August, from £55. 7 Scarth Rd, SW13, 01-878 1857.

VEGETARIAN FAMILY with lovely old Somerset country house, offer hospitality & consideration to appreciative guests. Holidays or permanent. Phone Curry Rivel 237.

CONVERTED FARMHOUSE SNOWDONIA, all mod. cons. Ideal hill walking, riding avail. S.a.e. for particulars. Randall, Penralit, Trefriw LL27 0YX. Llanrwst 640708.

EASTER HOLIDAY. 2 Dordogne cottages, sleep 4/6. £100/£110 for 2 weeks. Ring 04255-3248.

SOUTHERN SPAIN. House by beach, sleeps 4. £25 p.w. 01-254 1702.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Hunting Lodge overlooking sea. Sleeps 8/12. Available 3-17 July, 28 August-11 September. 01-515 2264.

ALGARVE: patio villa by sea. Sleeps 6, £30 p.w. 01-435 1213.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Secretarial

ENGLISH/GERMAN translations. German/English translations and typing. Also Swedish typing. Anna Meadows, 37 Ormsby Lodge, The Avenue, London W4.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

PETER COXSON Academic and Literary Typing. 876 5306; 584 0198.

RAINBOW OFFICE SERVICES for efficient typing and duplicating. Collection and delivery by arrangement. Phone 460 3430.

Accommodation Vacant

PARSONS GREEN, nr tube. Sunny bedsit. in family home. Share k. & b. C.h., garden, phone. £12.50 p.w. inc. 736 0226.

LARGE, COMF. BED-SIT. room NW3 in c.h. flat, close to transport. £12.50 p.w. to prof. gentleman. 01-722 1144.

ROOM IN FLAT for visiting academic, Summer term, South Kensington area. Ring 01-373 1642 evenings/weekends.

BED-SITTER, kitchen-dining rm, own w.c., share of bathrm & expenses, in Hampstead flat of professional woman. Box 3592.

SW2. Self-contained room, share kitchen and bathroom. £9 per week. Ring 01-737 0861.

LONDON SW11, 5 mins Chelsea overlooking Whistler's Reach, stunning river views. Lavishly furnished modern flat, fine sitting room with riverside balcony, dining room (converted in minutes to additional single bedroom), double bedroom, super kitchen, bathroom, cloakroom, parking, porter, domestic help. £70 p.w. May-Oct. Box 3554.

ROOM IN FRIENDLY FAMILY house. Musician welcome. Highgate. Ring 01-340 9057.

ROOM in musicologist's flat, Victoria. £10. Fairly quiet person. Box 3578.

AROUND TOWN FLATS, specialists Central London furn. flats & houses Kensington, Chelsea, Bayswater etc. Long/short terms. 120 Holland Park Avenue, W11. 229 9966.

COAST GUARD COTTAGE: homely bed-sit., full use of house; waterside, sailing. Hampshire. £8 p.w. incl. Box 3594.

Accommodation Wanted

YOUNG COUPLE want to rent two room flat with kit. and bthrm. App. £18-20 p.w. shortish let would suit. 837 2478 p.m.

US PROF. sks furn 2-3-bdrm house/flat, London, July. Abramson, 6 Bishopscourt Lawn, Bishopstown, Cork, Eire.

AMERICAN PROFESSOR and wife interested in 1 or 2 bedroom modern flat Central London, for 1 year or more. 348 1485.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA–London exchange. American professor seeks flat exchange June-July period. M. Klein, Hampton, New Jersey, USA.

HELEN WATSON & CO. require flats for visiting academics. 637 4863.

Financial

MORTGAGES. Re-mortgages. Additional loans. Arranged by Norman Stillerman & Co., 168 Greenford Rd, Harrow, Middx. 01-864 7733. Insurance & Mortgage Brokers.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£50 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD
8 Clifford St, New Bond St, LONDON W1
01-734 5983 or 2914

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

UK & EUROPEAN REMOVALS
Full and part loads
Door-to-door road van service
Full advice on documentation and insurance
Modern Containerised warehousing facilities
EDENS REMOVALS
574 Wandsworth Road, London SW8.
Phone: 01-622 4311/4
B.A.R. Members. Est. 1919 .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

NOTTING HILL HOUSING TRUST

MATURE, EXPERIENCED SECRETARY

required for part time position (about 20 hours p.wk.), with Social Work Adviser. Accurate audio typing essential, shorthand useful. Starting salary from £1,290 p.a. according to experience.

Please ring/write to Jan Souter, 46 All Saints Road, London W11. Telephone 01- 229 9782.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL RESEARCH

STATISTICAL ASSISTANT

to work on

NATIONAL INSTITUTE ECONOMIC REVIEW

Intelligence, neatness and accuracy essential; 'O' level maths. Temporary or permanent post. Monthly salary £193. Would suit school leaver awaiting university place.

Applications by 30 April to the Secretary, National Institute of Economic and Social Research, 2 Dean Trench Street, Smith Square, London SW1P 3HE, enclosing curriculum vitae and the names of two academic referees.

INLINGUA is the largest organisation of language schools in Europe, recruiting 70 teachers of English to foreign adults every autumn for one-year posts in Germany, Spain and Italy. Write briefly for descriptive brochure and full details of application procedure, quoting this advertisement, to Inlingua Teacher Service (N1), 197 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5NE. (No telephone inquiries or personal callers, please.)

NORTH KENSINGTON LAW CENTRE requires Articled Clerk to begin August 1976. Please send curriculum vitae and 500 words on why you wish to work with us, to 74 Golborne Road, London W10.

FOR SECRETARIAL POSTS with a Social Service bias, Charities etc, why not contact Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

requires

Regional Officers

for its Eastern region and Central region. Salary scale: £2,314 - £3,040 per annum. Knowledge of international affairs, speaking ability, proved competence in organisation, administration and fund-raising. Preferably experience of voluntary bodies. Particulars and application form from:

The Administrative Secretary, U.N.A.
93 Albert Embankment
London SE11 7TX.

CIVIL SERVICE NATIONAL WHITLEY COUNCIL (Staff Side)

ASSISTANT SECRETARY VACANCY

JOB DESCRIPTION:
The Staff Side is the Central negotiating body of the nine trade unions representing 540,000 non-industrial civil servants. The Assistant Secretary post now being advertised is a new one, and will involve assistance in the formulation of policy on, and subsequent negotiation of, various aspects of Civil Service conditions of service.

CONDITIONS:
The post is permanent and pensionable, after the satisfactory completion of an initial probationary period of 12 months. Pay will be on a salary scale ranging from £5,365 to £7,090 (including London Weighting), starting pay to be settled in the light of the successful applicant's prior experience. The pension arrangements are non contributory and consideration will be given to the preservation of previous pensionable service.

METHOD OF APPLICATION:
Applications, giving full details of relevant qualifications, should be sent to: **The Secretary, Civil Service National Whitley Council (Staff Side), 19 Rochester Row, London SW1P 1LB,** by NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY 23 APRIL 1976.

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

Our Information and Documentation Department will shortly have two vacancies.

ACQUISITIONS OFFICER/DEPUTY HEAD

of Department to be responsible for overseeing and co-ordinating the day to day work of the Department, comprising the Library, Information Service and the British National Film Catalogue. The Acquisitions Officer, who should have administrative experience, library training and a sound knowledge of film and television literature, will be actively engaged in the acquisition of new material and will have a special responsibility for the development and expansion of television documentation. Starting salary £5,365 p.a. (under review).

PERIODICALS LIBRARIAN

to take charge of its collection of film and television journals. Duties include acquisitions, budget control, binding and script cataloguing. An orderly and methodical approach is more important than formal qualifications but library experience and a reading knowledge of at least one foreign language would be useful. Ability to type and a knowledge of film and TV literature advantageous. Starting salary £2,860 p.a. (under review).

Further information and application forms (for return by 16 April, 1976) from Personnel Department, 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. 'Phone 01-437 4355.

MONASH UNIVERSITY
Melbourne, Australia

CHAIR OF OPERATIONS RESEARCH

Applications are called for appointment to the foundation Chair of Operations Research, one of two Chairs in the Department of Econometrics and Operations Research, the other being in Econometrics. The Professor is expected to organise and take part in undergraduate and graduate teaching in Economic Statistics and Operations Research; graduate programmes lead to M.Admin., M.Ec., and Ph.D degrees. The appointee will be expected to act as Chairman of the Department, possibly in rotation with the Professor of Econometrics. Vacancies for further appointments exist. Enquiries of an academic nature to the Dean of the Faculty of Economics and Politics, Professor D. Cochrane.

Salary: $A25,955 per annum. Superannuation is based on an endowment assurance scheme, the employee and employer contributing 5% and 10% respectively.

Information on application procedure and further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria 3168, Australia, or the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications should reach the Academic Registrar not later than 8 May 1976. The Council reserves the right to make no appointment or to appoint by invitation at any stage.

VOLUNTEER FIELD OFFICER FOR CAMEROON

is required by International Voluntary Service. The Field Officer will be responsible for servicing and administrating the present volunteer programme. Investigating new projects and re-assessing existing projects. Liaising with IVS Leicester, Government Ministries, the British Embassy and other voluntary agencies.

Preferably a returned volunteer from a West African country or a person with experience and knowledge of developing countries.

Fluency in French essential.

Volunteer terms include — Living Allowance, Housing and Personal Insurance.

Please apply to: Mike Bohn, IVS, Section 7, Ceresole House, 53 Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL.

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

LECTURESHIP/ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN SOCIOLOGY

Applications are invited for a Lectureship/Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Sociology. Applications will be welcome from sociologists or social anthropologists with an interest in Chinese society and/or other societies of East and Southeast Asia.

Applicants should have completed a research degree, preferably a PhD, and have had some University teaching experience. It is hoped that the successful candidate will be able to take up duty by the beginning of the next academic year in September 1976.

Annual salaries (superannuable) are: Lecturer: HK$48,960 x 3,300 — 55,560 BAR 58,860 x 3,300 — 75,360 x 3,360 — 82,080; Assistant Lecturer: HK$35,760 x 3,300 — 45,660. (£1=HK$9.50 approx.). Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, or the Assistant Secretary (Recruitment), University of Hong Kong, Hong Kong.

Closing date for applications is 20 April 1976.

PERMANENT ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS' UNION

needs somebody who combines a good working knowledge of accountancy functions, a degree of supervisory experience and the ability to approach the provision of student services with clarity and vision. In addition, a basic understanding of the aims and objects of Students' Unions as well as sympathy with the problems of students, is essential.

Salary approximately equal to Local Government Scale AP4.

Apply to: The President, Kingston Polytechnic Students' Union, Penrhyn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

British Actors' Equity Association
have vacancies for

TWO ORGANISERS

(1) In the Theatre Department working from the London office.
(2) In the Variety Department working from the Manchester office.

Salary on scale £3,860 to £4,260.

Application forms available from
Mrs J. Yerby, British Actors' Equity Association, 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

PROJECT DIRECTOR

£4,359-£5,370 p.a. (inclusive of Outer Fringe London Weighting)

The Director will lead a multi-disciplinary team and manage the new centre of Burnell House in Windsor for helping families and individuals in crisis situations. There will be daily activities to help such groups as mothers with children at risk, adults with psychiatric illness and children before the courts. It is expected that occasional residence at the unit will be part of the plan during a crisis period.

The Director could be resident or have accommodation on a temporary basis at the centre.

Informal discussions may be had with Lyn Allaway or Mike Stanier, telephone Maidenhead 32444. Application forms from the Divisional Social Services Office, St .Mark's Road, Maidenhead. These should be returned by 16 April.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECRETARY/FINANCE ASSISTANT required for small University Research Institute. Age immaterial. Salary on incremental scale from £2,751. Pension, 4 weeks holiday, 9.30-5.30 or equivalent. Apply Margaret Beard, Institute of Commonwealth Studies, 27 Russell Square, WC1. Tel: 01-580 5876.

MALE OR FEMALE ADMIN. ASSISTANT required by established voluntary Housing Association in NW1. Good education and commercial skills required, plus several years experience, preferably in bank or stockbroker's or solicitor's office. Accuracy in record-keeping and simple calculations is essential. Preference given to person capable of working with the minimum of supervision and of accepting further training, wider responsibility and promotion. Salary as for local authority AP Grade, starting point negotiable with regular reviews. Superannuation scheme, LVs, four weeks' annual leave, good conditions. Telephone for appointment: 01-387 1346.

WEA SOUTH-EAST SCOTLAND District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary from those with knowledge and experience of adult education, particularly in the voluntary field. Duties include responsibility for full-time and part-time staff, office and financial administration and negotiations and relationships with other bodies. Salary scale £4,968 to £6,540 with placing. Superannuation scheme. Further details & application forms from District Secretary, WEA, Riddle's Court, 322 Lawnmarket, Edinburgh EH1 2PG.

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHER. Youthful, active person able to work on own initiative required to work closely with matron in independent, residential school for emotionally disturbed boys and girls. L.A.C.S. A.B. scale used as pay guide, 12 weeks holiday a year. Informal family atmosphere in large house set in beautiful Sussex countryside. Commence 26 April. Apply to Mr J. Ashley, Conyboro School, Cooksbridge, Nr Lewes, Sussex.

SUMMERHILL SCHOOL, Leiston, Suffolk. Wanted May '76. Mature residential Housemother for children 8-11. Salary negotiable. Write to Ena Neill.

THE OTHER CINEMA Collective requires someone whose primary work will be in Press and Documentation. Knowledge of film essential. Apply in writing to: 12/13 Little Newport Street, London WC2.

PART-TIME SECRETARY (20 hrs p.w.), for small, social science research Institute. Flexible arrangement possible; typing, office work, some organising. Write: Richardson Institute, 158 North Gower St, London NW1.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

TALENTED TEMPS will find Temping for Covent Garden particularly rewarding and our clients especially appreciative. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

IF YOU ARE NOT 'Otherwise Engaged' why not come and have tea, a chat and a job at the Winifred Johnson Staff Agency at 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opposite Fenwicks). 01-493 3005.

Appointment Wanted

MSC SOCIOLOGY requires part-time work e.g. coding, editing. Preferably at home. Exp. in Research/Administration. Box 3565.

Publications

'THE SUPERPOWERS. The Threat of War and The British Working Class' – a socialist criticism of 'detente'. 28p post paid. 27 Priory Avenue, London N8.

COMING SOON. Catalogue 343, General, secondhand and antiquarian books. This catalogue contains a strong section on Travel and India. James Thin Ltd., 53-59 South Bridge, Edinburgh EH1 1YS, Scotland.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought by D. Levin, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

WANTED
COPIES OF
USSR IN CONSTRUCTION
1930 – 1940
ALSO WANTED
Lef, Novy Lef, Kino-Fot, Arbeiter Illustierte Zeitung, Arbeiter-Fotograf, Soviet Russland im Bild, Sichel und Hammer, Soviet Foto (before 1940).
And items on Soviet photographers and artists including Alexander Rodchenko.
Picture Post, Weekly Illustrated, Life, Berlin or Munich Illustrated News and any early books etc on photography; prints or cameras etc also wanted.
Colin Osman, 19 Doughty St, London WC1N 2PT.
Phone: Home 01-449 8883
Day 01-405 7562

'I FEEL LIKE MARJE PROOPS SOMETIMES' – nursing in factories; fiction from Mexico; feminist/freudian review of 'Jaws', plus 9 pages of news including 'Will Women be Fire-fighters?' and more. All in Spare Rib, out now 30p from newsagents or 35p from 9 Newburgh St, London W1. Subscription rates on request.

REVIEW COPIES. We are large buyers of review copies and of collections of books in fine condition on all subjects, including quality paper-backs. R. A. Boon, Booksellers, 348 Upper St, N1. 01-359 1196. Open daily incl. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Rd. Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

WESTERN SAHARA
the fight for self-determination
by John Gretton
90p inclusive from
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
60 Weymouth St,
London W1N 4DX.

Meetings

Cont. from p. 450

FABIAN SEMINAR on Science Policy. Fri. 9 April 10-4.30 p.m. Details: 01-930 3077.

KRISHNAMURTI STUDY PROGRAMME. Commencing Friday, 23 April 1976 at the Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, London W1. Inquiries, ring 935 9261.

THEODOR HERZL Society, & Lond. Univ. (EMD), 57 Eton Ave, NW3. Tues. 6 April 8.15 p.m. History of the Holy Land. Dr Meir Gertner: 'Chassidim, Chovevim, Chalutzim – Mainsprings of National Revival'.

'WILLIAM MORRIS & the Pre-Raphaelites:' Audrey Williamson. Sun. 4 April 11 a.m. Tuesday Discussion on theme 'The Role of the Teacher'. Tuesday 6 April 7 p.m. 'Personal or Social Objectives in Education'; Muriel Seltman, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. 01-242 8032/3.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 54 Holland Pk, W11. Sun. 4 April 5 p.m. Swami Bhavyananda on 'The Katha Upanishad'. Wed. meeting at 6.45. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 40p.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Sq., London SW1. Sat. 3 April 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 6 April 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 7 April 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana Buddhism' & 'Theravada Buddhism' – two separate Study & Discussion Groups. All welcome. S.a.e. for full prog.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions. Sun. 4 April 8 p.m. Free. 'The Origin of Cosmos'. S.a.e. for programme, book list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

COURSES IN THE NEW THERAPIES — and beyond them. Write or call 'Community', 15 Highbury Grange, London N5. 01-359 1372.

DEGREE. GCE and Professional courses in the comfort of your own home by qualified tutors from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford correspondence college (founded 1894) and Accredited by CACC. Free prospectus from W. M. M. Milligan MBE, TD, MA. Dept BG1, Wolsey Hall, Oxford, OX2 6PR, or telephone 0865-54231.

ASSOCIATION FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOTHERAPY TRAINING
COURSE 1976-1979

Applicants, analysed or intending to have an analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people.
The three year course comprises of weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.
Write to:
The Secretary, A.G.I.P.,
29 St Marks Crescent,
London NW1.

Properties

ST JOHN'S WOOD. Ground floor p.b. flat; large sittingroom, bedroom alcove, k. & b., c.h.w., porter, parking. £12,250 for 93 year lease. 01-286 0207 eves/wkends.

EVERSHOLT ST NW1. 4th (top) floor flat, fine views, 3 rooms, kit., bath, elec. heating. Excellent condition. 74 year lease, £14,000. 01-387 2044.

Printing

ECONOMICAL PRINTING & BINDING. Poems, scripts, theses, reports, novels, anything. Specimen & prices from Box 3526.

Students

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

Personal

UNIQUE OFFER. Four little-known Lowry prints £4.50 inc. p. and p. proceeds to charity. Send s.a.e. for details to: Manchester University Settlement, 396 Moss Lane East, Manchester M14 4PX.

DISABLED YOUNG LADY, artist, lively, divorced, needs living-in companion/helper. Payment negotiable. Box 3430.

SHARED CRUISING, Mediterranean etc. Woman and son (P.N.E.U.) wish contacts. Box 3326.

AUTHORS invited submit MSS. all types (including Poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd., Ilfracombe. (Estd. 1898).

'A-LEVEL' TUITION in Modern Greek wanted. Ring 373 4444.

GURDJIEFF-OUSPENSKY-NICOLL. Compiling data on 4th Way. Seek or exchange info. Write GPO Box 1894 New York, NY 10001, USA.

ESCAPE CIGARETTES in lovely, restful surroundings. Restart residential smoke-stopping centre offers no phones, no mail - and no cigarettes. Make new friends. Phone 01-435 9941 any time.

AT QUAESITOR we offer creative group-work in human relations and personal growth. Introductory 'Drop-In's' Thursdays and Sundays 7.30 p.m. £1.10 (students 55p). For full programme write or phone us at Quaesitor, 187 Walm Lane London NW2. 01-452 8489.

EVERY TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 7.30 p.m. we have our Introductory Groups for newcomers to the new therapies and personal growth processes: Bioenergetics, Gestalt, Sensory Awareness etc. 'Community,' 15 Highbury Grange, London N5. 01-359 1372.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, psychologist, formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

ASSOC. FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL Psychotherapy offers psychotherapy sessions. Arrangements for those with lower income. Initial interview. Box 3480.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

SLEEP – GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svedmed, 15 Church St. Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

FREE FRIENDSHIP SCHEME, helpful articles. 40p. 'New Life' (NS), 37 Melrose Avenue, London SW16.

ARCHITECT, 34, own house & car, living North London, seeks attractive young lady for friendship and marriage. Box 3379.

BACK ON THE MARRIAGE MARKET at 46, teacher, ints listening, talking, walking, acting, sks liberating relationship, with liberally minded woman. Box 3468.

FREEWHEELING HOLIDAY tour of E. Europe, (anywhere possible) by train, (basically unconventional camping). Offbeat lecturer (48), seeks f. comp., 30s-early 40s. No strings either way. Box 3579.

SOMEWHAT CONVENTIONAL Englishman, unmarried, wanting to learn more about mind and body integration independently of group activity, seeks similarly interested, responsible, educated woman, without ties (perhaps 30-45). London area. Box 3612.

ATTRACTIVE, CULTURED French lady, late 30s, translator cent. London. Ints, art, lit., sks companion either sex. Box 3505.

PUBLISHER, frequently in London overnight, seeks meaningful, if unconventional, relationship with attractive, intelligent, liberated young woman, interested in literature, theatre, dining out and extended foreign travel. Box 3553.

LAPSED ARTIST loosely disguised as village school marm, buried in East Anglia. (2 children boarding), lacking suitable male company, wonders if any man (40+) could offer her a link with civilisation? Box 3555.

GENTLEMAN, 52, London. Interesting, lively mind, seeks warm, professional, independent woman. Box 3545.

ARTS LECTURER, Manchester, 44, seeks compatible female companion. Lancashire/Cheshire area. Box 3535.

GRADUATE, 45, divorcée, slim, attractive, warm-hearted, loyal, ints incl. theatre, cinema, music, people, wishes to meet unattached prof. man in 50s. Box 3537.

N.W. LONDON READERS
ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?
DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.
We have been established in Hampstead since 1927.
Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at
59 HEATH ST. NW3
(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N.W. London readers only, please

EARN UP TO £20.00 A DAY
as a VOLUNTEER
helping with
MEDICINAL RESEARCH
Central London. Suit students.
For information and interview
RING Consultox Clinical Services,
965 1157
and ask for Volunteers Supervisor

PETITE London professional singer seeks gentleman for friendship. Box 3528.

GENTLEMAN, 39, from Guyana (Indian origin), English speaking, wishes meet lady 32-42. Ints, music, theatre, lectures. Box 3481.

LONELY MALE, 43, bearded, divorced, actually unemployed though busy as a writer, seeks attractive female for companionship. Box 3558.

I AM A SPANISH LADY of 43, upper middle class but not rich, keen on books, art, crafts and Continental cookery. If you are a gentleman with similar interests plus a need for a homemaker, drop me a line. Countrymen, welcome. Box 3586.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 50, Jewish, non-practising, Continental origin, NW London, seeks nice friend. Box 3571.

WARM, WILLING AND WEATHERPROOF widower, 40s, would welcome, woo, worship and wed well-bred and educated woman, 30s or early 40s, warm, wistful and willowy. Westminster or West Country. Box 3599.

MY GOOD FORTUNE is a farm, time, security, and the challenge to change through analysis. Yet this palls for lack of the deep relationship which seems to matter most and without which so much is threatened by disillusionment. So my fantasy is of hope that another might share the good fortune and the disillusionments in their right perspectives – and that in sharing also her own experience something of lasting value will grow. She is likely to be in her thirties, creative, alive to nature and intolerant of manipulative games, though gently so. But, returning to earth, it would help if she lived within range of Hereford/Gwent. Box 3595.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, (60), would enjoy occasional meetings with affectionate/responsive female, to explore each other's needs. Would suit someone wanting warm relationship based on mutual trust but not looking for permanent attachment. Box 3600.

MAN 40s with well-established villa abroad, presently temporarily in London, interested in meeting well-established lady in 40s, preferably with absorbing career, with view to exploiting the mutual benefits of our separate set-ups and creating a bit more hilarity. Box 3597.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS IN AMERICA through correspondence. Describe yourself. Free personalised reply. Currents, Box 759-N, Radiocity Stn, NYC 10019, USA.

SOCIAL INTRODUCTIONS to the opposite sex. Thoughtfully selected by directors of a leading firm of professional staff recruitment consultants. For further details please telephone 01-589 7567 or write to Joan Remick Marriage and Friendship Bureau, 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7PA.

UNATTACHED PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE! London's only purely executive service will be pleased to introduce you to your kind of people. S.a.e.: 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128.

MEET PEOPLE, make friends at parties for dances, theatres, outings etc. S.a.e. to Companions, 10N-119 Oxford Street, W1R 1PA.

HEATHER JENNER – MARRIAGE BUREAU The only Bureau to have representatives throughout the country. Send s.a.e. to Main Office, 124 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 9634. Interviews free.

UNIQUE SOCIAL CLUB. Make friends with really interesting people. Members include doctors, air hostesses, nurses, etc. Details s.a.e.: N33, Sherrington Avenue, N14.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU. Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

SUCCESSFUL INTRODUCTIONS for discerning optimists seeking friendship/marriage. Write with s.a.e. Hedi Fisher Bureau, 14 Beauchamp Place, SW3. 01-589 2384.

PRESTIGE PARTNERS. London's most exclusive Friendship & Marriage Bureau, for professionals, academics & executives. Representatives throughout the country. Prestige Partners (NS), 34 Baker Street, London W1M 1DG. Ring 01-487 5797.

DUREX. Latest Continental, Japanese and American brands at discount prices. Send for details of free dozen offer. Premier, 11/46 Black Lion St, Brighton BN1 1PJ.

REVOLUTIONARY CONCEPTION TEST can give reliable and confidential results even before period is late. Available only from Belmont Laboratories, £5. Send specimen and fee to: Belmont Laboratories, 188 Brent Crescent, London NW10 7XT. (Tel: 01-965 1477).

THE WAY-IN CLUB
- Compatible Company, with
- Professional and Executive
- People, in the
- 30 + age group, enjoying
- Social & Cultural Events, in
- London, with a
- Mayfair club for members' use

Write or phone (01-629 2328)
6 Horseshoe Yard, Brook St.,
London W1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 91 No. 2350

Contents

420 **James Fenton:** Spotlight on Politics
421 **John P. Mackintosh:** Behind the Personalities
422 **David Leitch:** The Judgment of Paris
423 **Tom Baistow:** The Press and Michael Foot
424 **Corinna Adam:** The Prospect From Tower Bridge
427 **Christopher Hitchens:** Iraq Flexes Arab Muscle
428 **Profile:** Lady Plowden
430 **John Griffith:** Squatters as Criminals?
431 **Crucifer:** London Diary
432 **Oscar Millard:** America Is Insurance Happy
432 **Roger Woddis:** Unfit for Heroes
433 **Arthur Marshall:** First Person
434 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

436 **Christopher Hill:** The Catholic Community
437 **Arthur Hopcraft:** World Food Supplies

Other reviews by John Mortimer, Andrew Roberts, Alethea Hayter, Eric Partridge, Tim Jeal, Alan Ryan, Susannah Clapp

443 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
443 **Charles Fox:** Jazz
444 **John Coleman:** Films
445 **Christopher Price:** Television
446 **Weekend Competition and Crossword**
447 **Chess**

Poem by John Pudney

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

60p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal 85p Display, centimetre £3.50
Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

Theatres

CITIZENS' THEATRE, GLASGOW presents 7:84 Th. Co., England in 'Lay Off', by John McGrath. 5-10 Apr. 041-429 0022.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Until 3 April, Ortrude Beginnen entertains. Tickets 90p & £1.50. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. eves 7.30. Red price prevs 9-12 April, 8 p.m. 'Lenz' by Mike Stott. Opens Tues. 13 April, 7 p.m. Subsequent eves 8 p.m.

LYTTELTON (The New National Theatre) 928 2252. Fri., Sat. at 7.45 p.m., Sats 2.30 p.m. 'Watch it Come Down' by John Osborne. Mon. & Tues. at 7 p.m., Wed. 2 p.m. 'Hamlet'. Thurs. at 7.45, 'John Gabriel Borkman'. 150 excellent seats held for sale day of performance only from 8.30 a.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves at 8, Sats 5 and 8.30 p.m. 'Parcel Post' by Yemi Ajibade. 'Best Black acting I have seen on any stage' . . . The Times.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Salad Days,' the musical by Julian Slade.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. To 4 April, John Gay's famous musical 'The Beggar's Opera'. Details RADA, 62 Gower Street, London WC1. 636 7076.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Satirical prints on politics, manners & dress by Daumier, Gavarni, Gillray, Cruickshank, Heath etc.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1. Constable. Until 25 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 11.30-6. Adm. 50p. Season Ticket £1.20. Schoolchildren, students, pensioners half price.

Entertainments

NICE BAROQUE SOUNDS for your parties, soirées, social functions, plus (cabaret time) readings from McGonagle. Ridiculously reasonable rates. Tay Bridge Ensemble. 01-261 5756 (days), 01-995 0590 (eves).

Poetry

NATIONAL POETRY CENTRE, 21 Earls Court Sq., SW5. 2 April Tony Lopez and Paul Buck read from their own work. (Paul Buck will also have a short film to show). 7.30 p.m. 9 April, chairman's evening with Kathleen Raine and Robert Gittings. 7.30.

PATRIC DICKINSON
and
RODNEY PYBUS
read their own poetry at the
NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE
7 Albermarle St, W1
on Thurs. 8 April at 6.30 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

POETRY COMPETITION

CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL OF LITERATURE

Three prizes of £200 each for the best three poems of not more than 30 lines submitted by 5 June 1976. Entry forms:

'Poetry Competition'
Town Hall,
Cheltenham, Glos.

ARTS COUNCIL POETRY LIBRARY

105 PICCADILLY, LONDON W1V 0AU. Tel.: 01-629 9495

Membership is Free. Open to the Public. A collection of modern poetry covering the period from 1930 to the present. Mainly English poetry, but poetry in English from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Australia, Canada, USA, West Indies, and translated European and Latin-American poetry are all well represented.

Books are available for reference and loan. A catalogue of books in stock is available free on request.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 12.30, 1.30 to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday. Thursday late night opening until 7 p.m.

Meetings

TIBETAN NEW YEAR CELEBRATION: Ceremonies led by Lama Geshe Rabton, Asst Tutor to the Dalai Lama – Tibetan Bazaar, Food, Exhibition, Film, etc, Bargain book-stall. Admission 30p. Sat. 3 April, 2-5 p.m. at Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd. London SW3. Full details and of other events, from Tibet Society of the UK, 46 Belgrave Sq., London SW1. 01-235 3720.

INVESTMENT AND THE CITY: Fabian Seminar, 24 April, 10.30-4 p.m. In the Chair: Denzil Davies MP. Speakers: Charles Williams, John Hughes, Basil Jeuda, Colin Moor. £2 (£1 for Fabian members). Details: 01-930 3077.

THE VIOLENT SOCIETY. Fabian Easter School, College Hall, Leicester, 15-19 April. Director: Peter Archer, QC, MP. Speakers include: Martin Ennals, Greville Janner, MP, Jim O'Halloran, John Lebor, F. H. McClintock, Brian Pollard. Details from Gladys Cremer, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. 01-930 3077.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. The Minister of Transport, Dr John Gilbert on 'An Integrated Transport Policy'. 7 April, 7.30 p.m. at 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection. All welcome.

AFRICA CENTRE, 38 King St, WC2. 836 1973. 'Berber Textiles', illustrated talk by Dr John Bynon, lecturer at SOAS. 6.30 p.m. Tues. 6 April. Adm. 40p; students 25p. 'Ramparts of Clay' Jean-Louis Bertucelli's film, Tunisia mid-sixties. 6.30 p.m. Wed. 7 April. Adm. 50p; studs. 30p.

ONLY PEACE PLEDGE UNION members can participate at their Annual Conference to be held at Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E2, on Saturday, 1 May, when Michael Tippett will open the discussion on war and violence – 'Where do you draw the line?'. Members out of touch should get in. PPU. (NS) 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DX.

'HUMAN RIGHTS': Speaker, Edith Ballantyne, Sec. NGO sub-cttee on Racism and Decolonisation, Geneva: Council Chambers, Holborn Old Town Hall – 14 April 6-7.30 p.m. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom: 01-242 4817.

TIBET SOCIETY OF THE UK, 46 Belgrave Square. London SW1. Open 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon. to Thur. & Sat. Meeting on Tues. 6 April 7 p.m. *'The Relevance of Tibetan* Buddhism' by Alf Vial. Details of meetings, book service, Tibetan crafts & other facilities, 01-235 3720.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'What is Music Therapy?' Frank Knight ALCM. Tuesday 6 April 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Visitors welcome, 20p (students 10p). Week-End School 17-19 Sept. 1976 at St Hilda's College, Oxford, 'Triumph over The Inferiority Complex: Adler's Psychology in Today's Society'. Details shortly available from ASGB (P), 11/414 Wimbledon Park Road, London SW19 6PW.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. Colin Crouch *speaks on 'The* State and *Industrial* Conflict in Western Europe', Tues. 6 April 7.30 p.m. 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1.

Meetings cont. p. 449

RIVERSIDE RECORDINGS LTD.

offers **16 Track at £15.00 per hour**
Block Bookings £12.00 per hour
8 Track at £8.50 per hour
Also Mobile Recordings Facilities

Riverside Recordings Ltd. 78 Church Path
Fletcher Road London W4 Tel 01-994 3142

HISTORY WORKSHOP

A JOURNAL OF SOCIALIST HISTORIANS

ISSUE I SPRING 1976

Rodney Hilton Feudalism to Capitalism.
Frank McKenna Victorian Railwayworkers.
Tim Mason Women in Nazi Germany, Part 1.

Gwyn Williams, Welsh Indians; *Anna Davin*, Children's Historical Novels; *Raphael Samuel*, Local History and Oral History; *David Vaisey*, 17thC Court Records; *Jerry Kuehl*, T.V. History; *Hugh Brody*, Colonialism in the Arctic; *Alessandro Triulzi*, Peasant Life in Emilia; *Hans-Josef Steinberg*, Workers Libraries in pre-1914 Germany; *Stan Shipley*, Cabinet-makers Libraries in 19thC London; *E. A. Rymer*, Martyrdom of the Mine (autobiography of a 19thC pit agitator); *Jeffrey Weekes*, Sins and Diseases; *Gabriel Porter*, Oral History and Museums. Feminist History; History and Sociology; History on Stage; Enthusiasms; Work in Progress, Archives and Sources; Noticeboard; Workshop Meetings.

308 pages, photographs, facsimiles.
Subscription £5 (2 issues) post free.
Please cut out and send to History Workshop, P.O. Box 69, OXFORD OX2 7XA.
I enclose my cheque/PO for £5.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

HISTORY WORKSHOP 10
'Workers' Education and Class Consciousness'.
Ruskin College, Oxford, 29-30 May.
Richard Johnson, Jacobins and Chartists; *Barbara Taylor*, Owenism and Feminism *Ken Worpole*, Working-class Autobiography; *Gareth Stedman Jones*, Workers' Reading in 19th C. Germany; *Geoff Brown*, Early Years of WEA; *Paul Yorke*, Ruskin Strike of 1909; *Martha Vicinus, Eddie Frow*, Lancs Dialect Writers; *Arnold Kettle*, Open University; *Michael Barratt Brown*, A Northern Ruskin? etc. Sessions on Literacy; Religion; Class Consciousness, Working-class Writers; Britain; Europe. Places limited to 350. £2 (OAP 50p) from History Workshop, Ruskin College, Oxford.

EAST LONDON HISTORY WORKSHOP
Hoxton Hall, Hoxton Street, N1. 2-4 July.
Jerry White, Flower and Dean Street; *David Englander*, East London in the Great War; *Bill Fishman*, Jewish Radicalism; *Ken Worpole*, People's Autobiography of Hackney; *Pat Ryan*, Poplar in the 1920s; *Brian Nicholson*, Dockland. Work, crime, domestic life, politics, popular culture. Theatre. Music hall. Tickets £2 (Tower Hamlets, Hackney and Newham 75p, OAP 25p) from Jerry White, 65a Casimir Road, E.5.

SOCIOLOGY WORKSHOP
'Chapters in the History of Sociology'
City University, Northampton Sq. EC1. 26-7 June.
Eileen Yeo, Early Years of Social Science; *Gay Webber*, Early Years of Anthropology; *Stefan Feuchtwang*, Imperialism and Anthropology; *Pat Thane*, Sociology and Welfare, 1870-1914; *Bernard Norton*, Social Darwinism and Statistics; *Jim Mott*, T. H. Green and British Sociology; *Raphael Samuel*, Sociology and Class; *Gareth Stedman Jones*, Sociology and Citizenship; *Jeff Weekes*, Havelock Ellis; *Hugh Brody*, Malinowski and Margaret Mead; *Mark Cousins, Tony Bunyan*, Radical Sociology? Tickets £2 from Jim Mott, City University, London EC1.

ABERDEEN HISTORY WORKSHOP
7-8 May 1976. Tickets (50p) or information from Margaret Buchan, 21 Mid Street, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire

MANCHESTER HISTORY WORKSHOP
'Working Class Consciousness'
Manchester Poly, 10-12 April.
Late inquiries to Mike Harrison, Institute of Advanced Studies, Manchester Polytechnic, Hilton Street.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED